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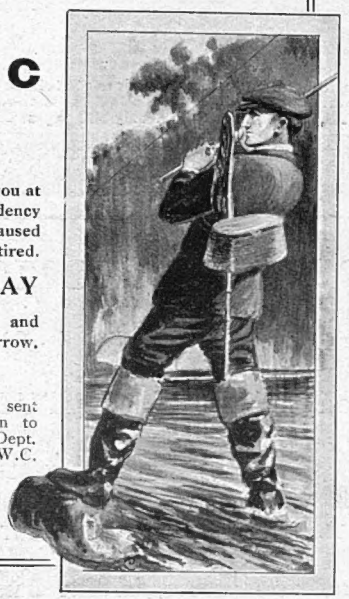

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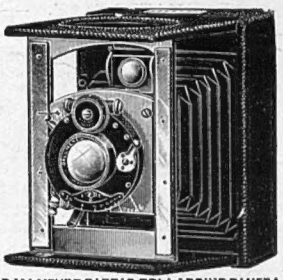

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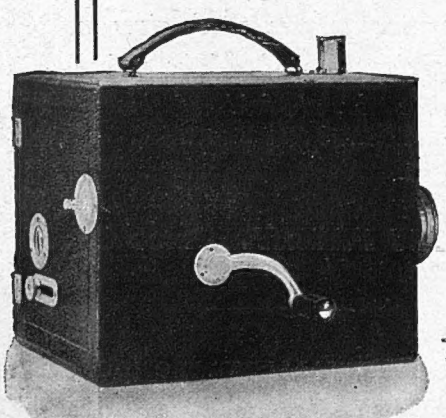

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Photograph *W. and D. Downey*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT: A NEW PORTRAIT

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught sail for Canada on the 6th of October. Before leaving England they will stay for a short time with their Majesties at Balmoral

Cheering the Conclusion of the Two-Day Revolution: Kilted Territorials at Sea

The 14th (County of London) Battalion, the London Regiment (London Scottish) owing to the railway strike had to return from Scotland by sea. They chartered two steamers of the Carron line the *Avon* and the *Thames*. They embarked at Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, and had a splendid voyage to London, and are above shown cheering for the conclusion of hostilities

Die-Hard Leadership

Some of us had a vague suspicion that, now that the much-derided Mr. Balfour is safe at his foreign cure, the Conservative party might have got that "strong lead" for which it is supposed to look to the Die-Hard Brigade. Well, on Tuesday the "future Prime Minister" from Birmingham had his chance. Something like civil war had very nearly broken out, and to suppress it the Liberal Government had, at one and the same time, compelled the belligerents to come to terms and called out the military to deal with them if they didn't. It was, indeed, a difficult task that confronted Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Here were the Radicals actually seeming to be doing their duty and risking their existence as a party in the process. But never mind. Mr. Chamberlain was equal to the emergency. With one grand inspiration he got up and told them that—they ought to have done their duty earlier! Then, after a platitude or two, he sat down.

Wanted: A Tory Policy

When one comes to think it over, even Mr. Balfour could have said that much. He might, even, have offered the public some of the Tory philosophy in regard to industrial warfare. I suppose some of us who belong to the better half of the British electorate have some sort of an idea as to the causes underlying these constant dangers to the domestic peace and the domestic pocket, and have some other solution for them than ball cartridges? After all, our military forces are kept to deal with outside, not inside foes, and during the strike a dangerous Franco-German crisis was in progress which might have called us into instant support of our allies. But Mr. Chamberlain, perhaps, forgot France. The question is, however, this: What is the Conservative policy towards the prevention of such dangers as that of the week before last? Is the war between organised capital and organised labour to continue to be fought at the expense of the general public and to the risk of the security of the State? When a quarrel takes place in your presence, there are three courses open to you. One is to secure peace by persuasion, the other by force, and the third is to let the row go on until one of the two has won. The last I dismiss, as the row, which is taking place is on our premises, and is making a bad mess of our glass and china ware, must *not* go on. It must be one of the first two. A moment's reflection suggests that the choice between persuasion peaceful and persuasion forceful falls on—both! First, demand a halt and ask what the row's about, try your best to get each side to see the other's argument and to make honourable terms. If they flatly refuse, then take the second course and call the police, and if the police fail, then, as a last resort, the military.

Why Not a Grand Palaver?

This, despite Mr. Chamberlain's protest, is exactly what the Government did in the case of the railway strike. The parties were persuaded to come to terms, but threatened that if they refused they would be made to. The Conservative leader of one's dreams (not Mr. Austen Chamberlain) would have had the chivalry to compliment the Government on what they did, but would have insisted that they should now proceed to do it on a bigger scale, not after, but before, the next outbreaks. United Labour and United Capital should be called into some vast council chamber, and there, in the presence of a jury composed of selected members of the General Public, chosen spokesmen should state the case of each. A judge agreed on by both parties should sum up the arguments. Then the jury should retire, and after the fullest discussion among themselves, should present their answers to the questions submitted. A treaty should then be drawn up, signed, sealed, and presented to Parliament for ratification. Its terms should become as definitely the law of the land as Magna Charta or Habeas Corpus or Primogeniture. If, to secure the rights of Labour and the rights of Capital, the funds of the State had to be drawn on, the taxpayer would willingly pay the bill, as it would be a fair charge for a fair purpose—the price of peace and security. What he refuses to do is to have his pocket picked by either party, and if the railwaymen think that the public will consent to pay the extra wages they demand by increased fares and freights, they delude themselves.

The Lisa Smile

When the appropriator of "La Joconde" is duly brought to justice, I hope that our Press Pecksniffs will restrain the horror of their adjectives. His crime, after all—if crime it be—seems to have been itself a work of art worthy of the object for which it was committed. The fact that Monna Lisa could be of no earthly commercial value robs the robbery of sordidness. Whether the thing was *blague*, or whether the lady was kidnapped by a maniac admirer, the manner of her abduction seems to have been magnificent. If Leonardo has turned in his grave, it has been, no doubt, with the desire to grasp the hand of a brother artist. If, when she returns to the Louvre, Monna Lisa's smile has not noticeably deepened, then her sense of humour is not what it is painted.

A New Louvre

The effect of the robbery in the Louvre is to be reconstruction, stock, lock, and barrel—perhaps even the departure of the eternal Dujardin-Beaumetz. We may actually see realised the forecast of a *revue* at the Folies Bergeres last year wherein the Louvre was shown to resemble the vaults of a safe deposit. Visitors were led through the corridors in chains, as a guide pointed out to them the iron doors behind which were safely locked up the various masterpieces. When the visitors departed the doors were thrown open to reveal behind them no pictures at all, but neatly furnished apartments, which the attendants were letting out to amorous couples, among whom were recognised a certain ex-king and a well-known light of the variety stage. Whatever is done will, no doubt, be effected with the complete thoroughness and praiseworthy determination evinced by the stable-boy after the escape of the horse. "It never shall happen again," says Paris. But there is only one Monna Lisa.

The Strike-Breaker

The enormous influence of the woman of the house in making or breaking a strike is little recognised. When the workman strikes it is his wife who is the greatest sufferer. The reduced rate of pay derived from the Union funds is usually not enough even to feed the family, and one cannot withhold admiration for the women who stood by their husbands in the recent revolution, or sympathy from those who found the strain too great, and begged their men to give in

BY NORMAN MORROW

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SMILES IN ART

Some Famous Rivals to the Missing Gioconda of the Louvre

ROMNEY'S LADY HAMILTON AS BACCHANTE (National Gallery)

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "LA GIOCONDA"
The famous portrait of Monna Lisa Gherardini, stolen from the Louvre last week

REYNOLDS'S LADY HAMILTON
(Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne's Collection)

FRANZ HALS' "THE LAUGHING CAVALIER"
(Wallace Collection)

The disappearance of Da Vinci's masterpiece, famed throughout the world for the mysterious smile on the subjects's face (round which a whole literature has grown), attracts attention to other famous "smiles in art." The bewitching archness of the Romney and Reynolds portraits of Lady Hamilton has made these pictures universally popular with art students and the general public, and the controversy concerning "The Laughing Cavalier," who in the opinion of many is not laughing at all, is ever with us

At Court and in Society

The Court

THE Simple Life is, as far as may be, the fashion at Balmoral, and the Court, so much in the eye of the world a couple of months ago, slips this week into comparative seclusion when it settles on Deeside. Unlike the late King and Queen Alexandra, the present monarch and the Queen have a very great regard for the Highland home to which Queen Victoria was so devoted, and this though there is no more grouse on the Royal moors than will supply the Royal table, the deer forest having always been first consideration there.

At Balmoral

The King and his two elder sons are all keen fishermen, and they get fine sport on Loch Muick, which King Edward had re-stocked, fishing for trout from boats. Loch Muick is over two miles long and surrounded on three sides by the ruggedest of rugged mountain scenery. Queen Victoria loved it, and frequently spent several days at a cottage on the north side of the loch, leaving suite and servants at a Royal hut some distance away.

Ministers in Attendance

It is in accordance with Victorian precedent that a Minister should always be in attendance when the Court is at Balmoral. It is, however, a very much simpler matter fixing the rota of attendance nowadays than it was last century, for the Queen would never allow the names of any of those of her Cabinet whom she disliked to be included in her beloved Balmoral's house-party.

A Highland Reception

The King and his sons get into kilts (and really look very nice in them; there is no more becoming dress) immediately on arriving at Ballater, where a Scottish Guard of Honour escorts the Royal party to the Castle. Here pipers await the Royal coming, and these, after the "Commissioner" has delivered a short-by-request speech of welcome, precede the Royal *cortège* up the avenue to the swinging, swirling, stirring strains of "Highland Laddie," all at a walking pace. Arrived at the Castle, the pipers drink Royal health in the best Scotch, cheering lustily the while.

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

The First Lady of South Africa

Mrs. Botha, wife of the Premier of United South Africa retains all the simple tastes of the days when she was a Veldt-Cornet's wife, and lived on a farm. Her natural tact, and her simple, unaffected ways, have made her universally popular at the Government House

The Battered Ones

I suppose we *have* had a somewhat strenuous session, and, of course, it did last something over seven months, but oh! dear me, it *was* a battered crowd of Ministers that strove to flee London last week in search of—of *anything* save only strikes and politics! Mr. Asquith voiceless and looking all his years (by the way, what a pity it is that a man can't be Premier at a fit age to bear the strain—say thirty to forty!), went North; Mr. Lloyd George, in the intervals of conciliating, escaped to Cobham, where he has a furnished house; and Mr. Churchill stayed perforce in Town.

Dom Manoel (in the cart) at Dallowgell

The Marquess of Ripon, with the reins, driving his guest, Dom Manoel, on the Dallowgell Moors. It is quite surprising to find Dom Manoel snap-shotted without his cigarette. On the day this picture was taken a namesake of the ex-King was elected President of Portugal

The Leading Hostess of Unionism

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE

The Marchioness will probably go down to fame as a great Tory hostess who, *vide* no less an authority than her lord, "knew nothing about politics," and was in turn known nothing about outside her immediate social and political circle. Lady Lansdowne is the leading hostess of Unionism; a very great lady often to be met in the Peeresses' Gallery, who, at her Adam (yet pre-eminently Victorian) mansion, behind Devonshire House, performs several times a year that most necessary of the political functions known as keeping-the-party-together. Lady Lansdowne, who was born a Hamilton, is many times a grandmother, her two daughters, the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Waterford, both having large families. She is one of the most exclusive hostesses in London

The Far Flung Line

Society is widely scattered, only intent wherever it is on country pursuits alone. The biggest contingent of that elect body that lives but to amuse itself is, I suppose, on the moors practising that business of killing, to which, *vide* Mrs. John Lane in "The Talk of the Town," only the well-born and socially great are naturally eligible. But there are many yachting, "drowsing the long tides lazily," in soft, Western waters; many still "curing," and many busy sampling "life in a Casino" at sundry "Parisian" seaside places.

The Life Unconventional

People seem to have been very exhausted with the myriad big formal entertainments that took place during the Coronation season. Hospitalities of the moment, therefore, savour of counterblast, and are of a more than usually informal and intimate variety, the smart house-party being nothing if not unconventional to a (sometimes) really almost startling degree.

Scotland in September

Scotland in September is, of course, the only right and proper place for the Very Best to be, for where the Court is, there, if anywhere, should Society be gathered together, and besides, how could life be lived better these silvery, windless, autumn days than where there are things to kill all day, and sharp, soft, peaty air to send you fast to sleep all night? In the South, life is bearable at the moment only when punctuated by constant postal offerings of fish, flesh, or fowl duly ear-marked N.B. And even that is only in the country places! In London, life in September is a dreary blank, grouse or no grouse!

Left to right: Lady Lyttelton, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Countess of Aberdeen
Watching the "Leppin'" at Dublin

The Irish Week

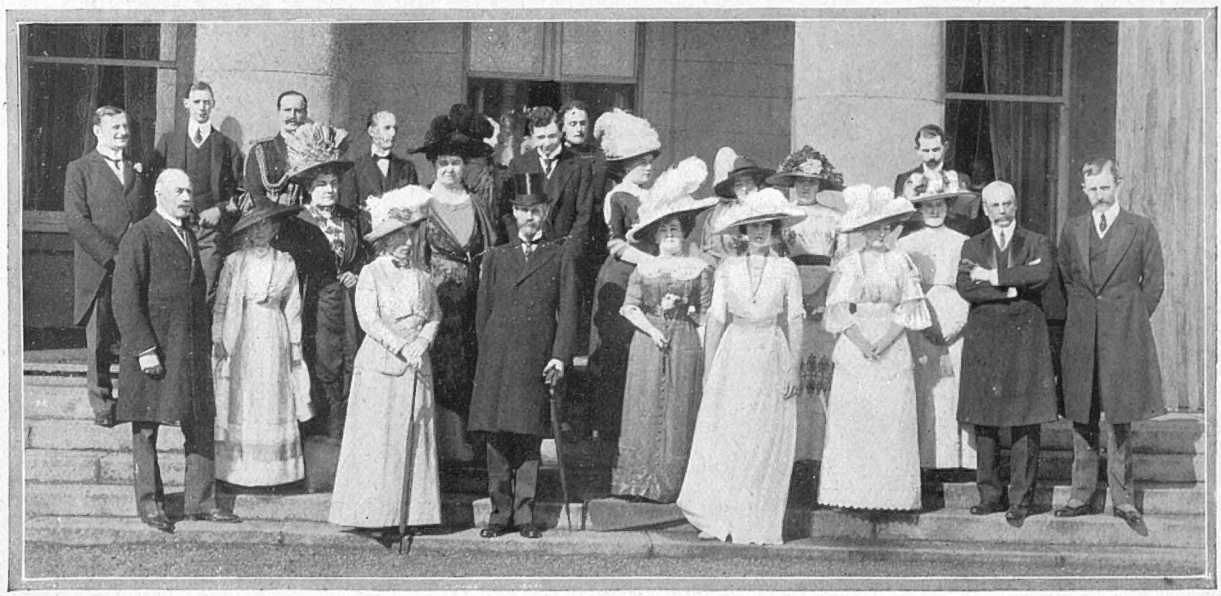
The Irish Horse Show "went," as usual, last week with a rare swing, and was, perhaps, rather more successful socially than it has been for some time. The party from the Viceregal Lodge included such fine people as the American Ambassador and his lady, Lady Drogheda (a Scotch-Irish beauty), and the Gaekwar of Baroda (who appeared in a frock coat and a red turban, much to the disappointment of those of us who had hoped to see him in native dress and diamonds!).

Court Appointments

What a wonderful thing a title is, isn't it? Though always a strenuous politician, one, somehow, never thought of the ex-Mr. Freeman-Thomas as a power in the social world. Yet now, as Lord Willingdon, he has suddenly reached the position of Lord-in-Waiting, and that, as everyone knows, means—well, certainly nothing like social eclipse! Another interesting appointment is that of Colonel Streatfeild, who succeeds Mr. Sidney Greville as Private Secretary to Queen Alexandra.

"Fashionable Engagements"

Marriages of the May-and-September variety seem to be coming in again; witness the two engagements of the moment, that in England of Sir Abe Bailey and Miss Mary Westenra, daughter of Lord Rossmore, and in America of Colonel J. J. Astor and Miss Madeline



Photograph **The Vice-Regal House-Party for the Dublin Horse Show** *Lafayette*

The Earl of Aberdeen is standing in the centre (in frock-coat and tall hat). Next him are H.R.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and the Countess of Aberdeen. Also near Lord Aberdeen (in front of group) is the Countess of Drogheda. Included in the group are Madame Tzchow and the Bulgarian Minister

Ireland's Chief Social Glory

THE DUBLIN ROYAL HORSE SHOW UNDIMMED BY PAT'S TROUBLES

The Dublin Show Attracts Fine Exhibits

So tightly was the country in the grip of the strikers—even the newsboys refusing to sell their papers—that it was feared the Royal Dublin Horse Show would be postponed altogether. Happily this was not necessary, and a tremendous influx from all parts of the kingdom gathered, both for Leopardstown races and the Horse Show

Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall

Who were keenly interested in the show rings

The Earl of Aberdeen (Viceroy) and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid (Wife of the American Ambassador)

Who motored over from the Viceregal Lodge

Lord and Lady Dalmeny

Going around with an idea to business. They are both enthusiastic horse-lovers

Photographs] **Judging Mares and Foals** *[Sport and General*

Numbers of foreigners, keen-eyed and large-nosed, came to Dublin on business bent. For them was an immense attraction in the three-year-old hunters and the young bloodstock. Many Masters of Hounds, from both English and Irish paddocks, together with well-known hunting men, were present at the judging

Force, of food fame. Both these fortunate gentlemen are a good deal more than double the ages of their respective *fiancées*, a disparity which doesn't matter much *before* sixty, but is decidedly "trying" after.

Ireland Pleased

The Astor-Force engagement has been discussed in the American Press *ad nauseam* for the last three weeks, and the latest intelligence describes the gentleman contemplating an elopement and the lady prostrated with nerves owing to the attacks made on her future husband (a divorcé) by Church and Press; while the Bailey-Westenra engagement was a favoured topic at the Irish Horse Show last week. Cricket and horse-racing are the confessed master-passions (after money-getting) of the Abe Bailey who was "one of Rhodes's young men," and is now a widower and twice a father, while the future Lady Bailey, who is a particular friend of "Mrs. Winston's," has "Mastered" the Monaghan Harriers for several seasons, and comes, on both sides, of famous hard-riding stock.

Photograph Bassano
Sir Abe Bailey

Photograph L'Estrange
The Hon. Mary Westenra

The engagement of Sir Abe Bailey, the well-known South African millionaire mine owner, to the Hon. Mary Westenra, only daughter of Lord and Lady Rossmore, of Monaghan, Ireland, has been announced. Sir Abe Bailey fought with the South African Light Horse in the Boer War

The French Newport

By the way, if, as the song says, you like to be "where the money is," then it is at Trouville-Deauville you should have been spending the month of August. Everything in this gay young spot is so wildly expensive that smart Anglo-America has quite taken it to its heart, and a contingent thereof turns it every year into a sort of miniature Newport, to the inner circles of which *money* is the one and only "open sesame."

Simplicity Off

Simple-lifers, then, are warned off Trouville-Deauville where play is high, pearls are big, cars (which swarm) always at least 80 h.-p., hotel prices "unimaginable," and hats and frocks very best Rue de la Paix and Place Vendôme. The racing and the casino attracts the Paris *monde*, also the *très chic demi-monde*; the polo draws such well-known players as Lords Tweedmouth and Wodehouse, several French and Spanish "bloods," Mr. Harry McCalmont, Captain Brassey, and Captain Waring; while the aforesaid awful dearness of life in general is, of course, irresistible to many smart Americans.

Colonel Jacob Astor and His Fiancée, Miss Madeline Force, at Newport

John Jacob Astor is seen standing (profile) on the dock after assisting members of his yachting party into the launch, including Mrs. Force, mother of the bride-to-be, who is seen facing Mr. Astor. Her sister, Miss Katherine Force, and Vincent Astor are in the launch. Mr. Force, the father, is standing with his back turned, and Miss Madeline Force, the divorced Colonel's *fiancée*, is standing with the dog in the foreground

RECORD SPORT ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE (left), WHO ENTERTAINED THE KING AT BOLTON ABBEY, AND THE RT. HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON

Seldom have the moors yielded such splendid sport as this season. From many moors come reports of record bags, and a notable example of the excellence of the season is found in the results of the sport recently enjoyed by the King and other guns over the Duke of Devonshire's famous Bolton Abbey moors. The party comprised His Majesty, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess of Hartington, Lord Richard Cavendish, Colonel Sir F. Ponsonby, the Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., the Hon. H. Stonor, and Captain Daynay. Their total for five days was 2,813 brace of grouse, which easily excels the previous best on these moors.

I TRY A REST CURE

LIFE AT A LONELY BUNGALOW: BY HILL ROWAN

MONDAY.—Completely run down. Ordered absolute rest in quiet country spot. Select lonely bungalow on coast of Norfolk; solitude its speciality—advertisement states that people crowd there for it; no railway within miles, mails and newspapers brought once a week by row-boat. Seems just the place. Packed up.

Tuesday.—Reached the bungalow, with my man and one change of clothes. First-rate, but find peacefulness has been exaggerated—motors pass the door at average of ten a minute and at fifty miles an hour; hooters noisy. They quiet down towards evening, but the ducks on neighbouring farm woke up; sheep also braying all night. Slept badly.

Wednesday.—Detachment of Boy Scouts arrive and camp for a fortnight. Crowds of them. Bugle practice. Rifle fire. Band competition. Scout the country round for enemy unknown. 11. p.m.—Night attack; my back garden discovered to be important strategic position, and is taken and retaken several times during the night; repulse the last storming party myself. Slept badly.

Thursday.—Continued rest cure in intervals of artillery charges. Hear rumours from the milkman of approaching race-meeting. Fierce gorse fire breaks out. Crowds. My bungalow saved by frantic efforts of Boy Scouts and farm hands, who plough up all land to leeward. Large landslide towards nightfall; my place safe, thank goodness—the slide missed it by six inches. Nerves still shaky, though—cure hasn't begun to work yet, I expect—these nerve cases always take time.

Friday.—Plague of harvesters. Bitten badly, and covered with large, red protuberances. My man one immense boil. Later he became weak and delirious, and consumed large quantity of alcohol (to rub on the bites). This seems to interfere with nerve cure. Very uneasy—both of us kept busy. 5 p.m.—Shipwreck; exciting rescues, rocket firing, first aid to apparently drowned (in which I join). Received mangled sailors into my bungalow. Wreckage washed up all night. Slept badly.

Saturday.—Threatened German invasion. *Times* points out this spot as most likely point of attack; crowds visit it all through the day. Watch fires, signal guns. Boy Scouts clear for action, and offer to put my bungalow into state of defence. I suggest evacuating it instead; am looked on as traitor; try to point out that I am down here for my nerves, and German invasion very worst thing for them, especially if, as the *Times* points out, our Army totally unprepared to meet it, and all our battleships easily outmatched all round. Am told something about "dying in the last ditch"; sounds very uncomfortable—don't want to die anywhere at present. Heat-wave in evening; have to sleep out among the artillery. Mosquito season begins. Nerve prostration; wired my symptoms to specialist. Slept badly, as did the mosquitoes.

Sunday.—Day of rest. Boy Scouts' brass band service; they bathed afterwards *en masse* and watered horses in front of my bungalow. Sabbath excursion from neighbouring town of half-fuddled youths; cocoa-nut shying, kiss in the ring, paddling, water sports; monster supper-party and midnight sing-song. 11 p.m.—The new comet on view, visible from the beach. Scientific excursion from town to see it. Crowds. Solitude as advertised a myth in my opinion. Astronomers, photographers, journalists, etc., etc.; I am interviewed about the comet, as being a native. Grand comet picnic of earnest inquirers towards the small hours. Didn't sleep at all.

Monday.—Spent it recruiting. Would go away, but too weak at present after day of rest. Took one quart opium, and slept better.

Tuesday.—Wholesale strike of farm-labourers, "in sympathy" with London carters, whatever that means. Mass indignation meeting. Band (near bungalow). Noisy speeches. Labour leaders down from town. Am graciously granted a pass enabling me to get my milk and eggs. My man disaffected; would strike also, only he knows he would never get a place anywhere else. So much disturbance, took a small boat five miles out to sea. Tidal wave occurred for private reasons unknown; just got back to shore with half a second to save me from a horrible death. Nerves worse somehow.

Wednesday.—Grand Agricultural Show. Hadn't heard of it. Lowing cattle and bleating sheep passing my door all preceding night. Band. Exhibition of motor-cars (with hooters). Shooting gallery; my bungalow directly in line with the butts, and shooting uncertain. Mad bull exhibit noisy. Motor accident in evening. Injured lady carried unconscious into my bungalow as nearest place, and left there. Very embarrassing, had to camp out in drizzle on the beach for the night; lady moaning inside. No sleep.

Thursday.—Suffragette Concentration Conference on the seashore. "Die-Hard" section. Inflammatory meeting—I *fancied* their voices were raised. Asquith burnt in effigy. Pierrette chorus. Fleet of char-a-bancs. Fireworks in evening. Day thus finishing quietly, when final round passed us of *John Bull* £10,000 aeroplane flight round the world. Crowds. Cheering. Sudden consternation when leading aeronaut collapsed and crashed down in my back garden. Seriously injured; dragged into bungalow, ambulance, doctors. This finished me. Left mounted police guarding the wreck and fighting multitude. Took express for Home of Rest, Piccadilly. First good sleep for ten days.

THE ETERNAL POSTER FEMININE

Why Is It?

That no advertisement nowadays of anything on earth seems to be considered effective unless it contains the picture of some sort of a woman? For examples see above (or any hoarding anywhere)

Jottings on a German Journey

(Undertaken on behalf of "The Bystander" by "Jingle" and Norman Morrow)

IT was a bright summer morning. The sun was shining, and the pigeons outside Charing Cross station were cooing genially, and even the taxi-cab man, under the balmy conditions, forgot himself so far as to give thanks for his *pourboire*. We boarded the Dover train furnished with a book of tickets that seemed available everywhere—a most trying state of affairs for two men of chronic indecision of character. At the present moment we are in Coblenz; but where we shall be to-morrow I cannot say. I want to go in one direction, but Mr. Morrow declines to agree with me—which is, naturally enough, a very proper state of mind for an Irish gentleman. I am now trying diligently to find out how much German he knows, and if, as I suspect, his pretended linguistic abilities are mostly bluff, I shall try and get him unawares into a train going in my direction, and trust that his unsuspecting nature will keep him in ignorance till it is too late to go back. The Irish question has always been a difficult one; but, as a great philosopher once said, "If you cannot climb over, you must go round."

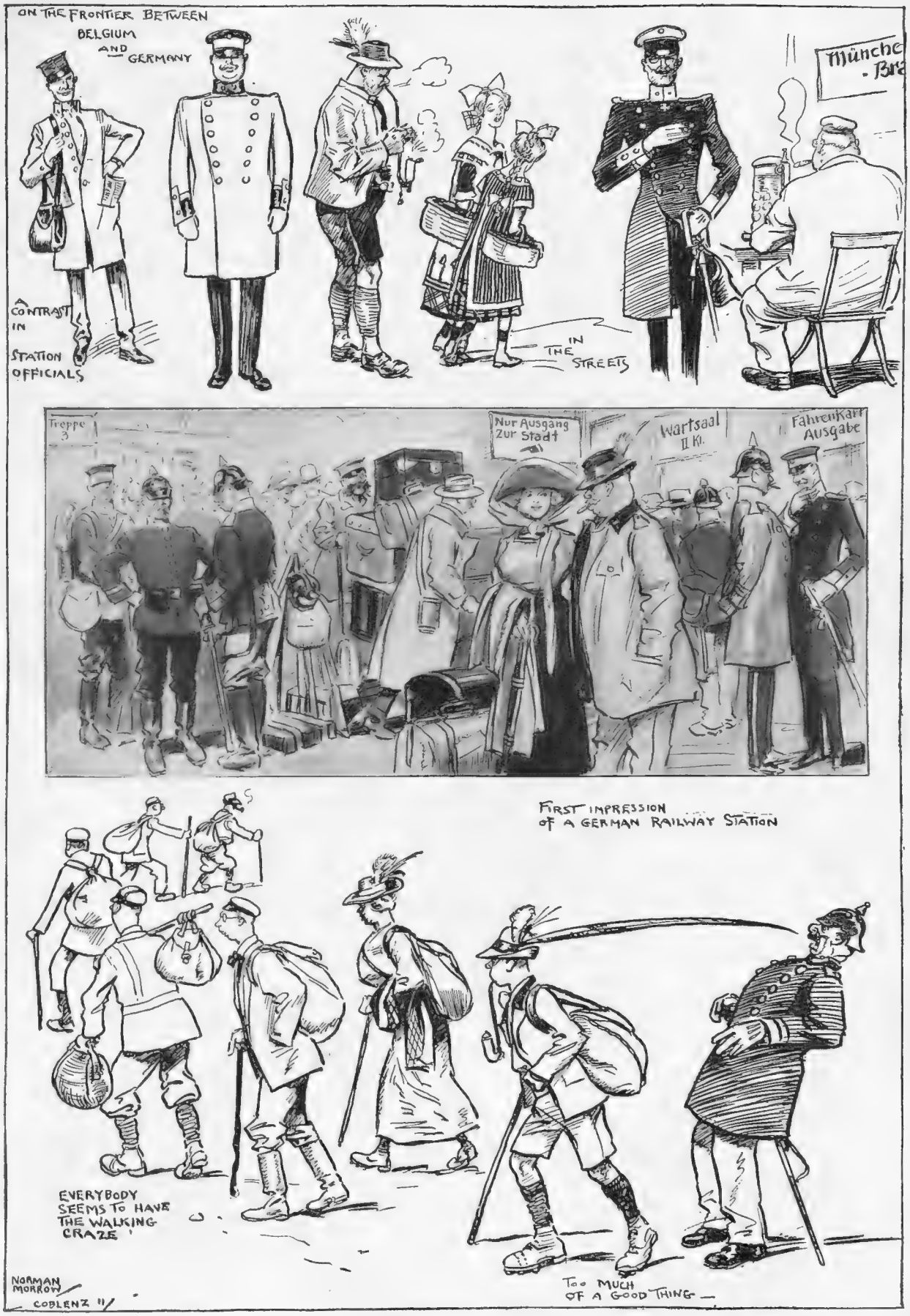
AS far as I am concerned, my first object was to get the sea journey done with. A sailor friend told me once that the inconvenience of sea travel can be avoided by the simple method of resolutely imagining oneself on land. I regret, however, that I do not find the method quite as simple as it looks. The Belgian State steamers are, I know, fine, roomy vessels, more like a small hotel than a pitching, rolling boat; but when the floor on which you are standing suddenly drops about three feet, it is so difficult to associate the movement with dry land, unless you are a native of one of the earthquake regions. At such times, the last thing I can imagine is *terra firma*. It is to me a "lost Atlantis"—a lovely creation of fiction founded upon doubtful fact. One of the sailors upon whom I tried my raw Flemish assured me that the sea was quite smooth, and that if I wanted it rough, I should have been on board a day or two previously. I informed him that I did not want a rough sea, as my tastes are quite simple, and I long ago gave up everything in the form of meretricious luxury.

TRAVELLING by the Belgian State Railways is a guarantee of comfort and punctuality combined; but where the railway falls short is, it seems to me, in having no ready supply of boiling oil or thumbscrews for the benefit of ladies who dash into a compartment and occupy seats already engaged. The system of booking a seat by ticket did not prevail on the train by which we travelled, and we had, therefore, to engage the coveted window seats by the familiar method of depositing a handbag and a newspaper, and trusting to the innate sense of justice in human nature. When we were about to take our seats, we found them already occupied by a stern-faced English lady and her daughter, while our bags had been unceremoniously flung on the middle seats, which nobody engages on purpose. There was nothing to be done but to remove our bags and look for seats elsewhere; and as we were dejectedly doing so, the younger lady remarked to her mother that it looked as if they were going to have the advantage of a compartment to themselves. I think a little boiling in oil, with occasional intervals of thumb-crushing, would have been quite a mild retribution for ladies of that kind; and if the Belgian State Railway is open to hints on the improvement of its service, I have great pleasure in offering this one from the bottom of my heart.

AT Cologne we were first confronted with the tiresome question of where we wanted to go. It was from this city that our tickets began to branch out in all directions like the quills upon the fretful

First Stop—Coblenz

SKETCHES BY "THE BYSTANDER'S" TRAVELLING ARTIST



EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY BY NORMAN MORROW

porcupine, as Shakespeare says in his amusing way. We had a large map of Germany streaked with black lines indicating railway systems, and looking as much as anything like a phrenologist's "chart," with the "bumps" measured off and numbered for reference. After some acute discussion (which was quite distasteful to me, as it ought to have been obvious from the start that my view must prevail in the end) we decided on Coblenz. An obliging porter led us to the particular platform we required, and accepted a modest tip with every sign of heartfelt and lifelong gratitude. As I was transacting my business with the porter, a tall, handsome, military-looking gentleman, who was standing by, watched us curiously. I had it in my mind to ask him to confirm the porter's view as to the right platform, but I could not satisfy myself as to whether he was a railway official or a Colonel in the Blue Dragoons, especially as he was surrounded by a number of soldiers in about fifteen different kinds of uniform, none of which was so smart as his own. When the Coblenz train came in, I received quite a shock on seeing the handsome military gentleman snatch my handbag from me as he commanded me to follow him quickly. He pushed the crowd aside unceremoniously, and frowned angrily when I paused to make way for a lady, a proceeding which he clearly regarded as a frivolous waste of time. He secured the two best seats on the train, showed us how to obtain the maximum of comfort from our surroundings, and then straightened himself up, clicked his heels, and looked at me fiercely, as if he dared me to offer him less than a Mark for his benevolent intervention. Germany is a great country; I can see that.

I am glad to be able to say that I like Coblenz, and I need hardly add that this testimonial is entirely unsolicited. It is a town of clean streets and pretty girls and well-behaved children, to say nothing of the military element necessarily prominent in a garrison town. I am still wondering whether the pretty girls are here because of the soldiers, or whether the soldiers are here on account of the pretty girls. We are under the shadow of Ehrenbreitstein, the amazing fortress regarded by most military authorities as quite impregnable. Perched up on its towering rock, with lines of sloping walls forming a great spiral round it, it gives me the absurd impression of one of those entertainments at a popular pleasure resort, which I believe is known as a "Slip-the-slip." For the modest fee of a penny you may glide down a spiral slope, seated upon an extremely movable mat; and as I look towards Ehrenbreitstein I fancy I can see the soldiers at the fortress adopting this easy and expeditious method of descending to the level ground. Coblenz itself is not rich in attractions for the sightseer; but it has the advantage of being very much like Glasgow in that it is a very easy place to get away from. The people in the well-kept streets are agreeably polite. Owing to the uniform courtesy I have received on all sides, I have decided to abandon my original scheme of breaking into the Ehrenbreitstein fortress and photographing the defences and the position of the guns. The Germans may think what they like of me; but they shall not say I am ungrateful, if I can help it.

The chief industry in Coblenz is shown by the walking tourist. These delightful people swarm into the town from everywhere, dressed in a singularly economical outfit of garments. Their trousers do not reach to the knee, and their stockings do not reach to the ankle; and their Alpine hats are decorated with fluffy tufts of feathers which suggest that our own Cabinet Ministers have not a monopoly of the art of robbing hen-roosts. Each tourist has a stick and knapsack, and seems to speak of a race of men still existent who are bent on seeing the world as men saw it in the great days of old before railway trains and motor-cars were invented. They come limping across the bridge of boats into the town, and it is a good sight to see them. I like to watch them, and to say to myself that next year I, too, will set out on my travels with scrip and staff; and in the meantime I take the tramcar in order to get to the post-office half a mile away. Some men are like that, and I am extremely like some men. Mr. Morrow would have it that the walking tourists were on their way to England, and that, having heard of the railway strike, they were training themselves to endure the only means of locomotion that seems to be left to us in these times. He may be right—for once.

JINGLE

Photograph] **The Leading Guides of the Austrian Tyrol Photographed at Sulden** [*McLeish*

Mountain guides of Austria are among the most clannish of mortals. Entrance to their Societies is only obtained by right of birth, fathers, brothers, sons, cousins, and uncles composing the pleasant family circles

At the Gates of Canossa

LABOUR ARRIVES AT THE PLACE OF SUBMISSION TO THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P., LABOUR'S REPRESENTATIVE

On the Royal Commission appointed to settle the railway troubles. On the right will be seen the name-plates of other Royal Commissions which are still sitting there the sight of which must have greatly cheered the Hon. Member

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"THE Government"—says a Unionist paper—"handled the strike with energy and firmness." Ministers may preen themselves for a moment at this unexpected praise, but Englishmen, aye, and Englishwomen, will not forget that there is still one damning sin to their charge.

* * *

I refer (perhaps for the last time) to the gum on our postage-stamps. Let Ministers see to it that they are not known to posterity as the Cabinet of the Receding Gums.

* * *

According to the *Daily Mail*, this year has every chance of being spoken of in history as the "Wasp Year." But why, if it is to be named after the disturbers of our domestic peace, should it not be called the Gosling year, or the Tillett year, or the Mann year?

Why, on the other hand, if it is to derive its title from something which has been useful in filling the columns of our bright contemporary, should it not be called the £1,000 Sweet Pea Year, or the Reliable Flight Year, or the Health-at-any-Price Bread Year?

* * *

Lessons are still being drawn from the railway strike of last week, and, not to be out of the fashion, I should like to call the attention of people in general to the importance of being able to coal. If you know how to coal an engine, and the coal is to be had, and the engine-driver remains on duty, the man who wants to go to—say—Margate, can laugh at a railway strike.

* * *

Not that I commend laughing at railway strikes. They are very disagreeable things, and, as an old lady writes to point out, one of the most unpleasant features of them is that you are expected during them to give five shillings to the engine-driver for bringing you to your destination two hours late.

* * *

A Spanish shorthand-writer has petitioned the Pope for the appointment of a patron saint of shorthand-writers. There can be little doubt that, should the saint be appointed, lots of M.P.'s would gladly burn candles to him, on condition they get reported a little more accurately and fully.

* * *

At the same time, one might have supposed there were other people a great deal more in need of patron saints to watch over them than are shorthand-writers. Typists are a case in point. So are telephone girls, post-office assistants of all sorts, plumbers, and German waiters.

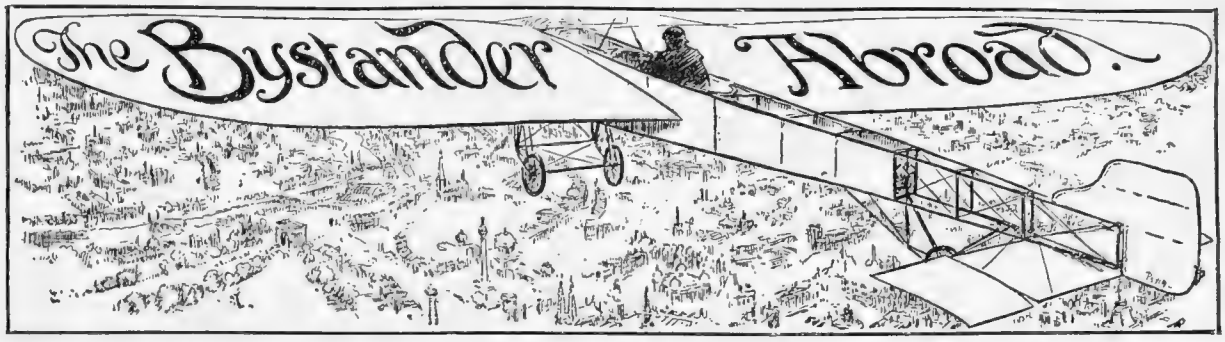
* * *

Mixed bathing is declared by a well-known journalist to be safer than "absinthe, crowded rooms hot and heavy with perfumes, and the *frou-frou* of deliberately provocative skirts." After a re assuring statement like this there will be no excuse for the most puritanical people refraining from rushing into the nearest waves in serried crowds.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE

Aged Parishioner: "If I leave a' my money tae the kirk, dae ye think my salvation wud be assured?"
Minister: "I wadna like tae be positive—but it's weel worth tryin'"

(By Lewis MacWhirter)



THE NACH KUR

BY ONE WHO IS TAKING IT

Curing the Kured

"What is a Nach Kur?" ask the uninitiated. "A Nach Kur," says the cynic, "is an arrangement made between the ladies and the doctors to allow them to stay a little longer away from home." The same cynic declares that soon we shall be hearing of a "Vor Kur," and I for one will not object. It is true that Nach Kurs have not been so very long in fashion, but then Kurs were not nearly so violent as they are at present. To-day, if you take your Kur seriously, you have a regular spring-cleaning. You are boiled and washed and emptied and beaten, and then thrust back into bed to regain enough strength to crawl down to the next bath. If a person is really "Kuring" conscientiously, there will not be time to do anything else: no time for excursions, no time to read a book or a paper, no time to write a letter, no time even to enjoy a change of air. I feel after I have taken a Kur as if I had been locked up in a monastery or nunnery, as the case may be.

"Why Should I Gamble?"
Baron Henri de Rothschild in the Salle de Jeux at Trouville

(Sketched by Jean Gast)

Cupid's Office a Sinecure

At Kurs you may have noticed that neither sex is fond of the other's society, because neither sex feels it is to be seen to advantage. It is true that both sexes (the vain as well as the unvain, but here they are both vain) pay very particular attention to the garment in which they go to be "treated." The men wear silk kimonos to vie with the ladies, except when they are Germans; then they wear their overcoats. It is a mercy, it seems to me, that some attention is paid to clothing when the wearers are so ungoodly to look upon. Most of us, on leaving Schinznach, might have been confused with those primitive martyrs who are to be seen in the Milan Gallery, and who were skinned alive. We, too, are skinned alive, but, unlike the martyrs, we are not to be seen carrying our skins over our arms.

The Elusive Epidermis

When you are taking a Nach Kur, the first thing to be done is to gain a little strength, then to do and eat all those things which during the Kur you have not done or eaten. When I left Marienbad I was too weak to walk, too weak even to stand. "That shows," say the doctors, "that the waters have had the desired effect," and champagne was given me to celebrate the efficacious completion of my cure. This time it is not from excessive weakness that I am suffering, but from lack of skin, so I have to begin my Nach Kur by hiding till the new crop has completed itself. For hiding purposes Zurich is an ideal spot. There is only one really comfortable hotel, and in it you will find others whose mission in life for the moment is similar to your own. The inhabitants of Zurich do not pretend to be fashionable—they are chiefly rich manufacturers and Anarchists, but the rich manufacturers take the precaution of making no great display of their wealth, and separating themselves from the Anarchists by a lake. They are, as dear Tacitus put it, "separated by mountains and mutual dread."

"Where Shall I Gamble?"
Miss Anna Held in the Salle de Jeux at Trouville

(Sketched by Jean Gast)

Dull Swiss Exhibitions

People once chose Bâle as a bathing-place, because it is on the way to most places, but it depends, of course, whether your Nach Kur takes you nearer home or further afield. For Lucerne Zurich is preferable, while for the Vosges Bâle is better. The only distractions in Zurich are pictures and a museum of home industries. These exhibitions are to be seen in every Swiss town; but, of course, in Zurich everything industrial is done on such a large scale. It seems a pity that a place with an ideal situation and such fine scenery as Zurich has, a place which is known throughout Europe as a seat of learning, should be so disfigured by iron foundries and manufactories of so many kinds.

A Republic of Mechanics

There is one product of Switzerland, however (if one can express oneself so), which every Nach Kurer would do well to study. That is the education. Not only in Zurich, but in every small town and village in Switzerland, the schools are conducted on lines which are as near perfection as I have yet seen them. In Switzerland there is no dearth of skilled workers of every kind, from clock-makers to domestic servants, and none of them seems to lack employment.

Advising the Minister of Everything

Throughout the little Republic enormous sums of money are spent on education, and even a small town like Aaran is this week opening a new technical college, which is being visited by experts from far and near. The Swiss have, too, a wonderful method of teaching languages, and most of them speak two languages, and many others three, or even four. You see, after you have visited the Swiss schools, how impossible it is for any girl or boy to start life as English people do, having learnt everything but the subjects which are to be useful to them. They cannot be likened to the woman from Lapland who applied for a post as housemaid in London, and when questioned as to what she could do, replied, "I can milk the reindeer." It is a pity that Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of everything in England, from finance to foreign affairs, cannot take a turn here and adopt some of the Swiss methods of education to solve "the unemployment problem" rather than by his complicated system of insurance.

Peace or War?

M. Caillaux, the French Premier, in whose hands rests, to a large extent, the settlement or otherwise of the dangerous Moroccan question. M. Caillaux was last week closely engaged with his Ministers of War and Marine

Prince Adalbert of Prussia, the Kaiser's Third Son, Playing Lawn Tennis at St. Moritz

His partner in these, the Men's Doubles, Mr. R. Kleinschroth, is a player well known in Germany and England, and brother to Mrs. H. Kleinschroth, who is partnering the Prince in the Handicap Doubles

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The eulogy on Schinznach in a recent BYSTANDER has attracted the attention of several readers who are desirous of getting there to take a personal Kur. Unlike most good things, Schinznach-les-Bains is fairly easy of access. From Calais through carriages are run direct to Zurich, where a local connection to Schinznach awaits one.

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

THE TAX-GATHERER

A Full-Stretcher

One of the inevitable minor happinesses of German life is distraint for non-payment of taxes. Even millionaires do not escape this joy. The business-like German State, which all round acts in a way which would raise revolution in England, leaves you no terms, makes no allowance for any accidents, and carries out immediately its threat to seize your goods. That your draft from England will not arrive till to-morrow; that the bank is closed; that your wife is under chloroform in the surgeons' hands, and they must wait half a minute—none of these weighty pleas has any effect. With wooden, impassive face, the *Vollstrecker* (which means "Full-stretcher," presumably because he fully stretches any point against you) proceeds to seal your furniture, which means that nobody must dispose of it before it is sold by auction.

An Ominous Blue Warning

Every British subject in Berlin has had the Full-Stretcher in his flat half a dozen times. Income tax is the cause. In Prussia you pay one income tax to the State and another income tax (practically the same amount) instead of rates to the municipality. The municipality collects both. Payment is quarterly, and in the middle of the term on which the income is assessed. After three days' grace you receive a blue warning. If you pay, then you are fined merely fivepence. If you do not, without any further delay the Full-Stretcher rings at your door.

Trouville at Its Zenith

BEAUTY AND FASHION AT THE GRAND PRIX

THE LADIES' STAND

Dame Fashion inexorably decrees at the Grand Prix de Trouville what the exquisite is to wear for the autumn. Inset is the parade of the horses before the race

Photographs] THE PAGEANT IN THE PADDOCK [*Branger*

While racing in England was everywhere abandoned by the ukase of the strike leaders French racing men were enjoying the best of sport. The Grand Prix de Trouville, one of the best-attended races of the year, was won by M. E. de St. Alary's Basse Pointe in brilliant style by three lengths. Balls, entertainments, and fashionable functions generally, are at the moment at their maddest and merriest in Trouville

The Impartiality of the Red Seal

The Full-Stretcher's trade is regulated with such extraordinary rigidity that once on the spot he refuses to accept payment of the taxes, or even payment of taxes and costs. He says sadly that it is too late ; you must now pay in the City Hall ; and he proceeds to seal your belongings. If you leave Berlin for a fortnight, naturally forgetting the tax, the first news on getting back is that Herr Full-Stretcher has been. Agreeable round red seals wink at you from all the furniture planes ; and your visitors with smiles note that you have had a visit from the Full-Stretcher. Luckily, it does not injure your credit, for all have the same experience. Indeed, it rather enhances your reputation, as a lavish insouciant *seigneur*, indifferent to considerations of taxes and dates.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE IN SILVER

The above silver statue of the Crown Prince mounted was presented by himself as a prize for a military steeplechase run in Magdeburg. It was won by Count Holk von Edelmann. The Prince's Imperial father, it will be remembered, is very fond of distributing "counterfeit presentments" of himself as prizes for military prowess

Brightening Up the Home

When the Berlin Bystander last returned from London he remembered that his taxes were five days overdue ; and hearing, as he was in his tub, a ring, knew that the Full-Stretcher had come. The Berlin Bystander rushed to meet him, and asked him to wait ten minutes, and come round to the bank. The Full-Stretcher impassively said "No!" He opened a black satchel, and took out some sealing-wax ; then, with a delicacy not to be expected in his base occupation, he sealed the Berlin Bystander's furniture in the obscurest spots he could find. A piano he thus marked on the inner side of a leg. The Berlin Bystander asked him not to be squeamish, and asseverated that he rather liked official seals ; they lent variety and brightness to a colourless home. The Full-Stretcher took the hint, and this time put a seal on a dining-room table in the middle, where at luncheon it was punctually dissolved through a capsized alcohol bottle.

Pay First—

It is the rule that the Full-Stretcher comes even where assessments are disputed ; and that he seals before the dispute is decided. The Berlin Bystander last May was summoned to pay Prussian Evangelical Church Tax. He protested on the ground that he did not belong to the Prussian Evangelical Church. The assessor admitted, unofficially, that the protest was good ; but explained that the Berlin Bystander must pay until the exemption was formally sanctioned. He would get the money back. Knowing that getting it back is considerably harder than paying, and reasoning that no distraint would be made where there was admittedly no claim, the Berlin Bystander did not pay. He duly got a blue warning ; and five days later the Full-Stretcher appeared, and decorated a revolving bookcase and a drawing-room sofa.

—And Pay After

On the following day the claim for exemption was officially allowed. But the Berlin Bystander had to pay the Full-Stretcher's costs as punishment for breaking the rule that taxes must first be paid and then disputed.

Famous Rowing Clubs at Home

The above series, suspended for the present season, included illustrated articles on the following Clubs. Back numbers may be obtained from the Publisher.

Thames, May 24.	Hereford, July 19.
London, May 31.	Stratford-on-Avon, July 26.
Royal Chester, June 7.	Bristol Ariel, August 2.
Avon, June 14.	Nottingham, August 16.
Burton, July 12.	Clydesdale, August 23.

The Athlete in Art

THE BOXING SCULPTOR: A MASTERPIECE IN FOUR PHASES. BY PHILIP BAYNES

The Sun Takes Leave of Brighton:

Photograph

This fine picture will strike even Brighton residents as unfamiliar. Its restfulness is decidedly out of keeping with the popular notion of the busiest South Coast watering-place. Piers are not usually attractive objects architecturally,

Novel Photograph of the Palace Pier

Sunbeam

but the mantle of dusk has draped the pavilion and girders in the picture so gracefully as to give them quite a poetic aspect. It is such a scene as McNeil Whistler would have loved to have put on canvas

AUTUMN on the BLUE DANUBE

The Basilica of Gran towers above a city of venerable age, and one of the last outposts of the Holy Roman Empire

FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA

Rich Autumnal Tints

You can hardly trace the source of the Danube at Baden, where it trickles from the Schwarzwald. Yet this dwarf of sources is parent to the mightiest of rivers. For its waters have torn a passage for themselves across Kingdoms and Empires, spanning like a thick band of ribbon almost from end to end of the Continent until they are finally lost in the Black Sea of Muscovy. Somebody once said that the Danube commences life as an earnest Catholic and ends as a zealous Mohammedan. You will no longer talk of the Rhine when you have stemmed both torrents. The Rhine is soft and lovely, the Danube is mighty and imposing, rich in gorgeous colouring and beauty, and hoary with the history of a hundred nations. There are vine-clad hills, there are valleys of corn, there are noble castles and palaces, there are wild cliffs and ravines, there are forests of pines and tall elms, there are quaint costumes of quainter peoples, embracing the Turk and the brigands of the Balkan countries to the ragged nomads of Hungary and the grey-coated cossack sentinels of the Black Sea.

Gardens and Poultry on Danube Barges

If you can afford the time a journey by one of the huge steam barges navigating the river is unique among experiences. Many of them are owned by private individuals, who for a few hundred gulden will take you almost as far as you desire. On the deck are two cottages, one of which is occupied by the crew and the other sheltering the captain. Such space as is not occupied by the cargo and accommodation is devoted to market-gardening and poultry-breeding. Chicken-runs and pigsties are everywhere in odd corners to make things more homelike.

Links Forged with the Past

From Passau you get your first taste of history in the ruins of Jochenstein, an island fortress brought to ruins by the Swedes. At Aschach, farther along, are wonderful Celtic remains, and almost to Linz on either side of the river, grim strongholds, and ruined castles and abbeys tell of the links forging the Danube to history and romance. It is one long chain of memories with the past in a setting of Nature's most gorgeous pictures until Buda Pesth is reached. On each side of the river spreads the twin city. Palaces, museums, art galleries, and ornate public buildings, these crowd such parts of the streets as the soldiers and the students do not occupy. Everybody is in uniform, and everybody speaks a different tongue from his neighbour.

Wild Gipsy Dance and Music

But unless bound for Semlin, journey the Danube not farther than Buda Pesth. It is sombre; it is threatening; it is dull and unlovely. Only Semlin could redeem its hateful monotony. In the distance are the Balkans, before you the Greek cathedral and the Castle of Hunyadi, and winding out of sight towards Russia, with calm storks lining its banks, is the Danube. There is wild gipsy music at Semlin; there are harvests and orchards; there are strange fruits and strange meats; there is the apotheosis of Hungarian village life. You will eat sturgeon; you will taste paprika; you will be swollen by the stings of the mosquito. But you will feel happy. Semlin spells all that can fill the soul with joy and make old hearts beat with new zest. You will carry the memory of peppered fowl and good wine, of mad songs and of madder dances, to the end of your days.

The Compleat Voyageur

For those who would journey in all luxury and convention the Danube passenger steamers seem to offer every inducement. There is a daily passenger service from Passau to Vienna and Buda Pesth, which is reduced when the gilded spires of Belgrade loom into view to four steamers weekly. The best tickets for the traveller are those combining rail and steamer, it then being possible to break the journey practically anywhere. Hotels are good, food is tastefully served, and living generally is cheap. Until discovered by the tourist companies, the Danube offers a novel and inexpensive holiday region. MALCOLM TREACHER

An der Schönen Blauen Donau

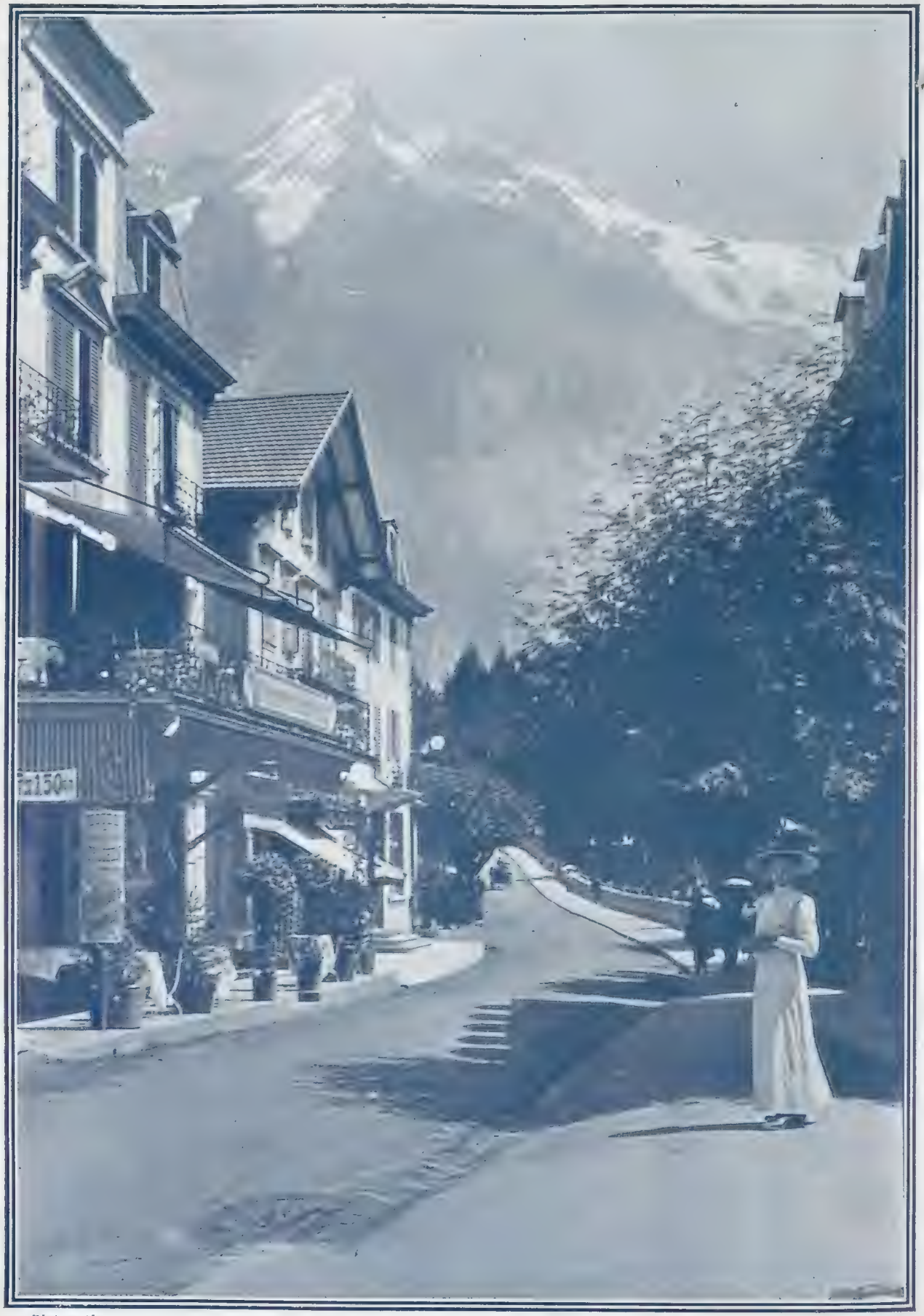
A FAIRY CITY OF THE DANUBE

The Brothers Grimm might have taken all their types and character-studies from the inhabitants of Marburg. They are a picturesque crew to a man are the bold Marburgers, wearing costumes suggestive of ideal setting for enterprising opera managers

Photograph] A DANUBE PASSENGER STEAMER HALTING AT GREIN *[Photochrom*

Steamers run almost the whole length of the Danube, from the Black Forest in Germany to the Black Sea in Russia. The reproach of slow progress on these wide, comfortable steamers is amply compensated by an excellent cuisine

The Bride of the Snows



Photograph *Allberry*

THE WETTERHORN, WITH GRINDELWALD NESTLING UNDER ITS GIANT SHADOW

There is a quaint old-world charm about the village of Grindelwald which eludes the pen. There is the pleasant savour of old German towns in the gabled houses and gardens; and there is the fascination of Ardennes' villages in its pine forests; yet there is retained all the attractiveness of the Swiss hamlet. Grindelwald forms the approach of two ice rivers, which creep down the sides of the Wetterhorn like stealthy invaders

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

SEVENS AND EIGHTS

A SLIP IN THE DARK AND ITS SEQUEL

BY JOHN SAVAGE

THE following is an absolutely true and veracious story, though only She, He, and I know the particulars, and as both He and She have given their consent to my telling it, no one can call me to account; but being a bashful man I shall take the liberty of doing so in the third person.

It was hot weather in the plains, blazing hot weather; every green tree and leaf wilted and drooped, dry and yellow and brown, while every human being was as a rivulet—"demned damp, moist, unpleasant bodies," as the immortal Charles would have called them.

"Unbearable!" murmured Jim Bashford, as he gulped down the contents of a long glass at his elbow, which contents seemed at once to reappear in streams upon his forehead. "Be dashed if I don't get a month's special leave to the hills on urgent private affairs to-morrow. Which determination he at once put into effect, with the result that three days later saw him alighting from the dawk tonga in front of the little Hill Hotel of M——.

Everyone who has ever been in India knows Ghose Ali's Hotel—that long, low, narrow building, just a room in depth, with dressing and bathrooms tacked on behind, and the verandah—common to all—in front. In the centre is the big dining-hall, and each side the rows of bedrooms, all exactly alike, each furnished—Heaven save the mark!—with its two cots side by side, its two little tables where one's "boy" deposits one's early tea, and—nothing else.

"Hullo, Bashford! You up!" called out a cheery voice, and Bashford, rubbing his eyes, dazzled by the sudden lamplight after the dark road and tonga, found the Assistant-Commissioner of his district, Hawkins by name, smiling at him and holding out a welcoming hand, while in one long chair, in the strip of verandah, which constituted the common drawing-room, reclined his wife, but lately come to India, and in another the prettiest girl it had ever been Bashford's luck to meet.

"You know my wife, don't you?" Hawkins said, laughing at Bashford's evident embarrassment. "Don't mind the dust, man; we all arrived in just the same pickle ten days ago—thought we should never be clean again! And this is my sister-in-law, Muriel Manners, come out to learn the ways and customs of the East."

The pretty girl in the long chair blushed as she returned Bashford's low bow, and after a few mumbled, incoherent words he stumbled off down the dark verandah to the room Ghose Ali had apportioned to his use, where, after a tub and change, he felt man enough to face twenty pretty girls, let alone two, for Mrs. Hawkins would have been as big a beauty as her sister had it not been for the delicacy so plainly showing in the heavy rings under her blue eyes and the sharp contour of the cheeks where the flesh had fallen away.

"Had fever badly," Hawkins explained, as he and Bashford smoked their cigars together after dinner; "luckily we were the first people up, and the ten days quiet have put new life into her, and now she's all ready for some fun. I have to go down to-morrow, worse luck; but the Dunns come up to-night, and old Ali says there are plenty more coming during the next week, and Muriel is a ripping good nurse, so she'll be as right as rain. I'm jolly glad you're here, old chap; Muriel will be able to ride with you; she's crazy about it, and I don't care for her to go about alone."

"I should think not," Bashford said, congratulating himself internally on having brought up that new riding gear only just out from home. "I'll look after her with pleasure, Hawkins."

Hawkins grinned appreciation of the alacrity in Bashford's voice, and the two men joined the ladies, their number being shortly augmented by Dr. Dunn and his wife and two subs up for a week's shoot—so that it was a jolly party to which the Commissioner waved adieu next day, promising to be back again under a month.

The following days passed pleasantly enough, Bashford making great running with pretty Muriel Manners; but, just a week before Hawkins was expected back, his wife went down with a bad bout of fever which made her sister look anxious.

"She hardly slept at all last night," she said sadly to Dr. Dunn. "I'm sharing her room since Jack went, and I was up and down all night giving her drinks and things."

"Ah, well, she will sleep to-night all right," Dr. Dunn said cheerily. "I'll send her in a draught that will giver her an A.1. night's rest, I promise you."

Sure enough, about ten that evening, his boy brought in the little bottle, labelled "To be given at once," which order Muriel hastened to obey, and half an hour later had the pleasure of seeing her sister sink into the first real quiet sleep she had had for the past week, and she herself undressed with a much happier mind, wondering, as she did so, whether she would have her morning ride with Jim Bashford, and hardly heeding the noise in the next room, which signified a new arrival. She had been in bed and asleep some hour or so when she woke with a start, remembering she had left her work-bag on the drawing-room table. Now that bag happened to hold a bangle Muriel had broken that evening as they played Dumb Crambo, a bangle very precious to the girl as being

(All rights strictly reserved)

one of the few trinkets which had come to her from her mother, and, with a vivid remembrance of Mrs. Dunn having lost a silver thimble left in the same place some nights before, she slipped out of bed determined to retrieve her treasure. During her sister's illness she had slept in her dressing-gown, so as to be with her at the least movement, and so it was the work of a moment to put her feet into slippers and creep through the chick into the verandah, dimly lit by a crescent-shaped lamp, and now flickering to its last gasp over the part consecrated as drawing-room. Very softly she stole past the many doors, smiling a little at the long-drawn snores that broke the silence of one or two.

"Dr. Dunn! Mr. Mansfield!" she ticked them off on her fingers. "I would have bet anything they snored," she said to herself. "Heavens! how long this verandah is at night—ah! there's my bag!" and she pounced on it as it lay just where she had left it when she went off to her sister's quarters after that brief half-hour of play.

Only pausing a moment to make sure the bangle was inside, the girl turned to speed back to her room, and as she did so the lamp flared up high and then sank into darkness.

"Bother!" said Muriel. "However, there's nothing to tumble against, and it's the eighth door," and so tip-toed softly back, lingering to inhale the fragrance of the great heliotrope bushes growing close up under the verandah ere she once more lifted the chick and regained the sanctuary of her room. Her sister still slept soundly—Muriel could hear her regular breathing, just a little deeper than usual from the effects of the drug, and after listening to make sure of the fact, she crept noiselessly under the mosquito curtains of her own bed, and was soon fast asleep.

. . . . . .

"Hush! It's all right! Only for the Lord's sake don't scream!"

Muriel Manners woke with a start to see a man's face, young and gay, though with rather a scared look in his eyes—a face she had never seen before—peering at her through the mosquito net.

"What the—who—my sister!" gasped Muriel, starting up and pulling her dressing-gown tightly around her.

"Look here," the stranger whispered, "you must have made a mistake and come into the wrong room when I was asleep. I only woke a minute ago and saw you, and I nicked out of bed and woke you at once, for it's nearly six, and my boy brings my tea then. There's no harm done, and no one will ever know, and, if you like, I'll go off at once on a shoot and stay out till you've gone."

"Yes, please; oh, go, go!" Muriel whispered back, still staring, with affrighted blue eyes, straight into the steel grey ones outside the net.

"Right-o, but you really need not fret about it, please don't; it's this beastly hotel being built so madly—oh, please, don't cry—I'll get into the dressing-room and you slip out. D'you know your own room?"

"It's—it's eight," Muriel gasped.

"Right-o, mine's seven, so yours is next door. Now, please don't be frightened or bothered, there's not a soul about yet"—peeping out of the door—"only be quick; I can hear them clattering tea-cups in the dining-room, and some of the men may be earlier at starting than I am."

He vanished, as he spoke, into the dressing-room, and Muriel was out of bed and through the door and into the next room before you could count ten! Her sister still slept peacefully, all sign of fever gone, and Muriel lay in her bed with her heart knocking hard against her side as she listened to the movements next door—the "Sahib Sahib!" of the bearer and the sleepy "Under ow," in the voice she felt would go on echoing in her head for ever and ever. Supposing—supposing he had not awakened and the morning tea and bearer had found her there! Hot waves of shame folded Muriel in a burning embrace. How could she have been such a fool? And now—oh, horrors! she had left her precious bag under the pillow! ! !

Poor Muriel! Brought up by a rather starchy old maid aunt, the gay, irresponsible Indian life had all along seemed to her unsophisticated eyes rather alarming; and, although the touch of primness had already been knocked out of her, she was still inclined to judge everything by the little village standard where she had spent the first eighteen years of her life; and the thought of the roars of laughter from the men, the uplifted eyebrows of the women, should they ever get wind of the story, fairly scorched her cheeks.

"Supposing he tells! It's such a good story," she groaned to herself. "But no, he looked nice, and if only I could get my bag back and he goes, I need never see him again."

And even as she thought there was a rattle of the chick and her bag landed on the matted floor, flung by a careful hand, while she imagined she heard a whispered "Right-o!"

Muriel spent that day with her sister, watching from behind the chick two ponies, one laden with bags, the other ridden by a slight, boyish figure, disappear down the steep hill road, followed by a chorus of "Good sport, old chap!" from the verandah, and by dinner-time all thought of the man who bided at the little hotel for "one night only" was lost in the excitement of a big tiger having made a kill in the near vicinity, half the men going out to watch for its return.

Only in the days that followed, Jim Bashford felt Muriel was somehow different, a little more silent, more absent-minded, and less ready to ride with him. But even he never dreamt that when Muriel said "No" to a certain question he put, on a more than usually seductive moonlight night, it was because another face, with steel grey eyes, came between her and him.

. . . . . .

Muriel Manners stood by her sister's side in the big ballroom at Government House, watching the gay figures come and go, here a fat Falstaff, there a lean Punchinello, now a dark-skinned Rajah in all his jewels, and then a pale English girl as the Lily Maid of Astolat, and laughed gaily as she did so at the comments her faithful swain, Jim Bashford, whispered into her ears. She had been in India nearly two years since that fateful visit to the little hill station of M——, and, though Jim still proposed regularly once a month or so, he was getting accustomed to the as regular "No" and to being "dear chum Jim," as the pretty girl called him. She looked her best to-night as Elsa, and he had been teasing her as to where her Lohengrin could be.

(Continued on page 450)

A Lily on the Links

"THE COUNTESS OF LUXEMBOURG" PLAYING THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME

MISS LILY ELSIE PLAYING GOLF AT STANMORE (MIDDLESEX)

Miss Lily Elsie has the true sportswoman's love for the open air, and confesses to an ever-increasing passion for golf, which is as all good golfers declare it should be. Miss Elsie recently declared that she loved nothing better than to walk for miles in the open country, with the rain pattering in her face (clad in a sou'-wester and a mackintosh)

(Continued from page 448)

"See how his chariot wheels tarry," he said, smiling into the blue eyes uplifted so gaily to his.

"Silly! 'twas a swan brought him, not a chariot! You are mixing him with Elisha or someone Biblical," she mocked.

And as she spoke a ripple of laughter sounded at the doorway, and the gathered crowd parted to show a great swan standing there, on whose broad back posed a very King of Lohengrins. For a moment he stood there, and stepping from the huge bird, which was quickly drawn away by servants, strode up the pathway opened before him, and bent his fair head in its silver helmet to kiss the hand of the Governor's wife.

"Just got back in time for the show, dear lady; ripping luck!"

The words sent a hot rush of blood into Muriel's cheeks—where had she heard that voice before?

"What an A.1. get-up; wish I'd thought of it," muttered Jim Bashford, ruefully glancing at the Elsa at his side—and then added quickly: "What's up? Hot?"

"Hot to think of you in blue and white and silver—the unstained knight. It's Galahad, isn't it?" Muriel answered innocently.

"Who's mixing things up now? Jim laughed. "Didn't you see his swan? It's Lohengrin, at last!"

"And here is Elsa," said the Governor's wife, turning with her kind smile to Muriel, a particular pet of hers. "My dear, have you a dance left?"

"I—I——" the girl began, but her card was quickly taken, and Lohengrin had scrawled his initials against two dances before she could say more—had bowed, and was gone.

"I say, you haven't got fever, have you?" Jim asked anxiously as the silver and white figure disappeared, "because if you have, you'd better let me take you home."

But because of a likeness in a voice—she had not once looked at the stranger's face—Muriel was not going to be done out of the best dance of the season, so she laughed at Jim's anxious face as she took his arm for the waltz just beginning.

"How pretty she is to-night!" the Governor's wife said, as she sat down by Mrs. Hawkins's side, that lady being too delicate to dance more than a couple of times during the evening. "I always wonder she does not marry; Jim Bashford has been very faithful."

"Poor old Jim!" Mrs. Hawkins's laugh was tender; "he's a dear, but not for Muriel—she has never once shown a sign of caring for anyone. Tell me, what news of Cecil?"

A shadow crossed the face of the Governor's wife—one of those shadows we, who sojourn in India, know and understand—the shadow that falls so often in the gayest scenes over those women who are forced to leave a delicate little one in faraway, fair, old England, while they themselves come back to take up the duties that lie by their husbands' sides in those hot days and hotter nights of India.

"Better news on the whole, but one cannot help being anxious," she answered, and moved away, leaving Mrs. Hawkins to bite her lip with vexation at the tactlessness she had shown.

In due course, Waltz II came round, and Lohengrin and Elsa drew many eyes to them as they skimmed down the floor to the strains of "Paradise."

"Paradise, indeed!" muttered Lohengrin, under his breath; and Elsa looked up to meet steel grey eyes looking straight into her blue ones as once before, though now no mosquito net hung between. Only for a minute did those blue and grey eyes meet, then the blue ones fell, and never a word passed between the two until, the waltz over, Lohengrin took Elsa to one of those cunningly contrived "kalajuggas" which form so notable a feature in dances given in the East.

. . . . .

Now, my readers, I wish I was not a veracious story-teller. I want to twist it so as to make Elsa turn indignantly from Lohengrin and bestow her fair hand on Jim, that most faithful of faithful hearts, who was so much more deserving of it. But I started to tell the truth, and though that faithful heart breaks in the telling, truth it must be.

And so I have sadly to relate that a month later Lohengrin (to still call him so) said—doubtless in his best manner—to Muriel, whom he always calls Elsa:

"And we will honeymoon in that little hotel where we first met!"

. . . . .

Well, well, I've told my story, and the only other word I have to add is, the bridal veil—exquisitely embroidered though it was—was made of mosquito net!

JOHN SAVAGE

"Bystander" Parliamentary Competition

SESSION, 1911

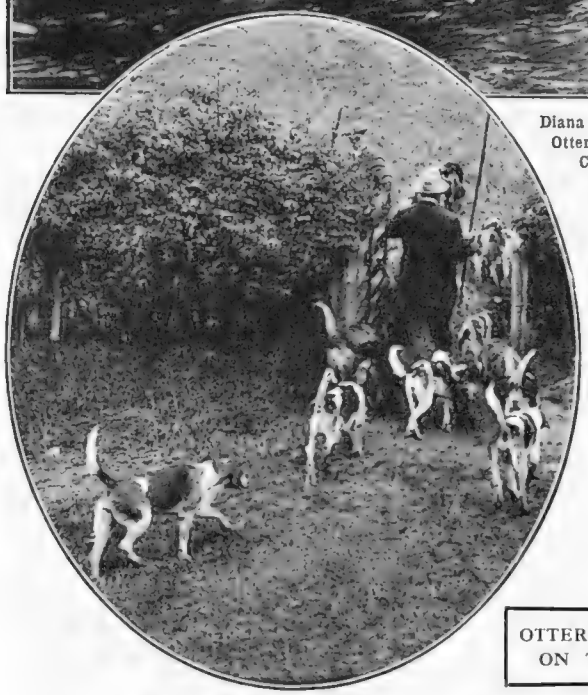
The name of the Winner of the Straker-Squire Motor-Car (for the Best Forecast of the Number of Speeches Made and Votes Cast in Divisions by an individual Member of Parliament)

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT FEW WEEKS

Hunting the Hunter

OTTER HUNTERS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE FISHERMAN'S ENEMY

Diana Chasing the Otter at Norton Conyers



The Northern Counties Otter Hounds
The Master, Mr. Arthur Jones, and the pack at Tanfield Bridge. Essentially a water dog, the otter-hound possesses acute sense of smell, great endurance, and remarkable intelligence

OTTER HUNTING ON THE URE

A Fair Burden
Not always are cavaliers available for transporting huntresses across the stream. Otter hunting is one of the few sports where a woman does not mind looking a "sight"

Rallying After a "Kill"
Good sport attended the last run of the otter-hounds at Sir Reginald Grahame's seat at Norton Conyers. Few of the hunt fell out during the run, a striking testimony of Northern "grit." Stout hearts are even more important than stout boots in the pursuit of the reynard of the river

The Short Story

The critics, I suppose, have been arguing about the short story for years. By what standards are you to judge it? What precisely is necessary for its success? How long should it be? And who of our first-rate novelists is a really good short-story-teller? You could set an examination paper on the short story. Of late years, however, it seems to have been losing something of its popularity when enclosed between the covers of a book; and to satisfy the average reader (if he exists), it is essential that the same character, a forger, say, or a detective, or an angelic creature of no particular profession, should constantly recur. So you have the Kettle yarns and the Raffles stories. Nowadays the reviewer has little time or inclination to pick out any one short story, as he did in the 'nineties, in order to lavish upon it two columns of critical writing. He probably believes that the short story, as published to-day, is unworthy of serious notice. And when one remembers the thousands of stupid tales printed in the cheaper magazines, one can hardly feel much surprise. A particular type of story is apparently demanded—the story "with a conventional love interest"; *i.e.*, which carries with it a reasonable excuse for including a drawing of a beautiful girl and a handsome man, separated by a table, or a chair, or an irate father. You know the kind of elaborate picture these stories have—unless the magazine does not run to illustrations. And the stories themselves are all rather insipid. There are exceptions, of course, but they are somewhat difficult to find.

Camera Picture *E. O. Hoppé*

Mr. H. G. Wells: A New Portrait

Mr. Wells has just published a volume of short stories under the name of *The Country of the Blind*. It is reviewed on this page

The Latest Definition

And now Mr. H. G. Wells revives the old question in an introduction which he writes for a collection of his own short stories, just issued under the title of *The Country of the Blind* (Nelson: 2*s.* net). As usual, he is perfectly clear on the point. "There was a tendency," he says, "to treat the short story as though it was as definable a form as the sonnet, instead of being just exactly what anyone of courage and imagination can get told in twenty minutes' reading or so." The art of the short story is "the jolly art of making something very bright and amusing." And Mr. Wells lets you see, in a sentence or two, how he himself has gone to work. "I found that, taking almost anything as a starting point, and letting my thoughts play about it, there would presently come out of the darkness, in a manner quite inexplicable, some absurd or vivid little incident more or less relevant to that initial nucleus. Little men in canoes," he goes on to say, "upon sunlit oceans would come floating out of nothingness, incubating the eggs of prehistoric monsters unawares; violent conflicts would break out amidst the flower-beds of suburban gardens; I would discover I was peering into remote and mysterious worlds, ruled by an order logical indeed, but other than our common sanity." So this collection came to be written—a collection of nearly six hundred pages. Now everything that Mr. Wells writes finds a large, intellectual public, and, although on his own confession, he "would rather this volume were found in the bedrooms of convalescents, and in dentists' parlours, and railway trains than in gentlemen's studies," I expect it will, within a few months' time, find itself in every conceivable corner. For here, gathered together, are thirty-three stories, all more or less scientific romances in miniature, none on the ordinary lines of love and misunderstanding, and every one stamped with that peculiar *vraisemblance* which only Mr. Wells seems able to give to the weird and improbable. You

Princess and Author Too

A ROYAL LADY WHO EXCHANGED THE SCEPTRE FOR THE PEN

Camera Portrait PRINCESS LOUISA VON TOSCANA *E. O. Hoppé*

Few Royal memoirs have been so eagerly awaited as those of the Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. For months Princess Louisa has been engaged upon her long-promised history of the Saxon Court from within. Interesting revelations of the undercurrent of life among the petty Royalties of the Fatherland are expected from H.R.H.'s book, which is shortly to be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash

have the most grotesque account of a man who worked miracles. He wishes for appalling things to happen, and finally is obliged to wish that everything should be as it was before he began his career as a miracle-worker. So you have the story ending exactly as it began—a gorgeously humorous conception. Then there is that extraordinary idea of a man being able to live as fast or as slow as he pleases, and the sad case of the dramatic critic who gradually falls into the methods and diction of the stage-heroes he sees, and becomes "the obliterated man." Nothing is too far-fetched to be introduced unerringly into the realms of apparent reality. To pick out the best of the collection would be difficult. Mr. Wells once told me that of all, perhaps he most preferred "The Country of the Blind" itself; possibly it contains the finest conception—that of a man who has to choose between sight of the sun and the sightless woman he loves. "I like them," says Mr. Wells, "but I cannot tell how much the associations of old happinesses give them a flavour for me. I make no claims for them and no apology; they will be read as long as people read them."

More Stories

If Mr. Wells confines his attention more or less to scientific romance, Mr. Max Pemberton finds plenty of good material elsewhere. He has invented an admirable title for his latest collection of short stories in *The Summer Book* (Mills and Boon: 6*s*.). It is just such a book as might be expected from the title—and the author. There is an excellently amusing yarn, the first of the twelve included, of a country publican who thwarts the teetotal, if well-meaning, endeavours of an Irish curate, who views his village's capacity in the serious matter of beer, and still more serious matter of rum, with abhorrence. From harmless ingredients, the curate brews an American drink, which has all the beautiful properties of beer except one. The village is invited to sample it at a garden fête. The rustic who would refuse a free drink does not exist, and the village turns up in force, and drinks. The curate's potion is magnificent. It is also more than a little like neat rum. The garden fête becomes anything but respectable, the publican is the picture of innocence, and the curate returns to his own country. And most of the other stories are on a par with the first. "Sir Paddy Goes Hunting" and "The Minister's Chauffeur" are perhaps the best. *The Summer Book* is a book for a hammock or a railway carriage, or an easy chair, or—well, anywhere you will.

Real People of Popham

I have only space enough to recommend very heartily Mrs. George Wemyss's new volume, *People of Popham* (Constable: 6*s*.). It is not properly a novel at all; there is hardly a coherent story to be found, but you may open the book wherever you please, and—laugh. Popham has its hundreds of counterparts; it is, in fact, just like any village in England you may happen to know. Its natives are in no wise peculiar, but, under Mrs. Wemyss's treatment, they step right out of her pages and appear to be shaking you by the hand. The book is just a quiet, though joyous, presentment of rural life as seen by the eyes of a woman of keen and most delicate humour. Once or twice, perhaps, one remembers a similar incident, or has seen a similar story repeated elsewhere, but it is all told so brightly, and Mrs. Wemyss evidently enjoyed writing it so much that one is delighted. The people of Popham make charming company.

RALPH STRAUS

SHIPS THAT PASS BY DAY AND NIGHT: A STREET SCENE IN TANGIER

There are no taxis and trains in the Arabian deserts, and one travels by camel. He runs for days without fuel in the bunkers, does the ship of the desert. When he arrives, he munches steadily for two days, taking in cargo for the next voyage

Jacob's Ladder in Stone

A QUAINT FEATURE OF A TOWN OF HILLS

A STREET OF STEPS IN LIÈGE

The old town in the Ardennes was once called a Hill of Towns and a Town of Hills, for roads and streets were built by the mediæval builder with a prodigal disregard of limb and lung. The street joins the old town of gables and pointed roofs, built on the hills above the Meuse, with the new town of elegant mansions and fine squares below

'Ware Australia

ENGLAND'S CHOSEN FOR NEXT WINTER'S TEST MATCHES:

THE YOUNG MAN'S CHANCE

C. P. MEAD (HANTS)
(Born March 9, 1887)
A fine first wicket left-hander, sound and fairly free

THE CAPTAIN: P. F. WARNER (MIDDLESEX)
(Born October 2, 1873)
A magnificent batsmen and most painstaking leader

J. W. HITCH (SURREY)
(Born May 7, 1886)
A fast bowler of untiring energy, a superb field and useful bat

Photographs

S. P. KINNEIR (WARWICK)
(Born May 13, 1873)
A steady, cautious batsman, who should enjoy Australian wickets

S. F. BARNES (STAFFORD)
(Born 1876)
Probably the finest bowler in the world on all wickets

E. J. SMITH (WARWICK)
(Born February 6, 1887)
The reserve wicket-keeper, reliable for all bowling

The average age of the team is thirty. The youngest is F. R. Foster (Warwick), who is twenty-two, and the oldest, S. P. Kinneir, who is thirty-eight. It is interesting to note that such famous counties as Kent and

H. STRUDWICK (SURREY)
(Born January 28, 1880)
England's greatest wicket-keeper and a rapidly improving bat

J. B. HOBBS (SURREY)
(Born December 16, 1882)
The best batsman on the side, sound but free scoring

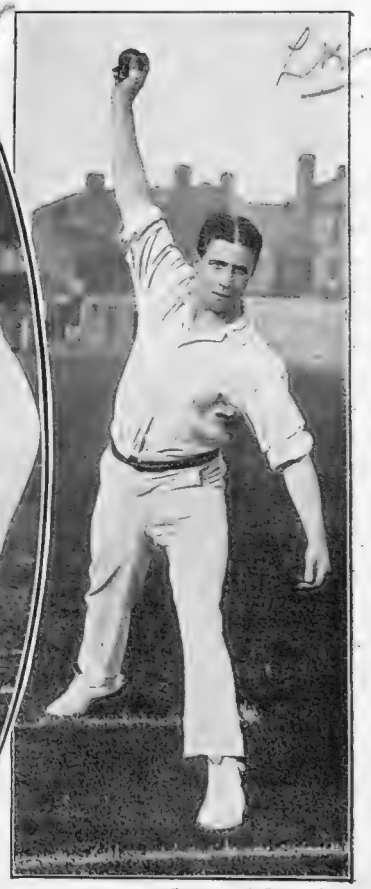
G. GUNN (NOTTS)
(Born June 13, 1879)
A sound bat, who has already succeeded in Australia

F. E. WOOLLEY (KENT)
(Born May 27, 1887)
A fine all-rounder, his bowling being full of tricks on the easiest wickets

W. RHODES (YORKSHIRE)
(Born October 29, 1877)
Grand batsman, bowler, and field, with great international experience

F. R. FOSTER (WARWICK)
(Born January 31, 1889)
Fine left-handed bowler and sterling bat

J. IREMONGER (NOTTS)
(Born March 7, 1877)
A first-class medium-paced bowler and a sound bat



Sport and General

J. H. W. T. DOUGLAS (ESSEX)
(Born September 3, 1882)
A fine all-rounder, safe bat, and tricky fast bowler

Yorkshire supply but one representative each. Surrey and Warwickshire supply three each. The team has pleased the experts, and the youth of the players should enable them to endure the great stress of the campaign. Here's luck to them!

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Amateur International Match

Pressure of space due to the two Championships has prevented me from recording the decision of the International Board of the form in which future Amateur International matches shall be played. I rejoice to say that the International Board have finally come to the conclusion that the match shall consist of foursomes. Ever since the match came to be played before the decision of the Amateur Championship instead of, as in the year of its inception, after that event, I have held the opinion that, played by singles, it was unfair to the leading competitors in the greater event that followed. If the players regarded it as a serious match, and put their best efforts into it, the strain of playing thirty-six holes on the Saturday against a strong antagonist was an unfair tax on a player's resources in view of the formidable task confronting him during the following week. On the other hand, players might be tempted to treat the affair as a sort of picnic in order to reserve themselves for the Championship. It was quite on the cards, too, that a leading English and Scottish player, pitted against each other in the international match, might, by the draw, have to meet in an early round of the Championship, and it was humanly impossible that the result of their international encounter should not have an undue influence on their later meeting. To a certain extent the "picnic" aspect of the match has been more in evidence than the strenuous one, possibly owing to the factors mentioned above. The decision of the Board is, therefore, in my humble opinion, a very wise one, and may give the fixture a fresh lease of life. Next year, and in future years, so far as anything in golf is certain, the match will consist of ten players on each side, or five couples for each country. Good foursome matches among amateurs are not so common nowadays as they were in former years, and it is to be hoped that the international match will bring this form of encounter back into fashion. A foursome between, say, Messrs. Ball and Hilton and Messrs. Maxwell and Graham, would be worth going a long way to see. Good practice will also be acquired in this way for the match against professionals, which, in spite of the disastrous start this year, I trust is going to become a permanent annual fixture.

Photograph *Dixon*

Miss Bawcombe, who Won the Best Scratch Prize at the Herne Bay Ladies' Golf Club's Open Meeting

Mr. Hilton's American Trip

Mention of Mr. Hilton brings me naturally to the interesting event of his quest of the American golden fleece. So much has been written in the Press about Mr. Hilton's voyage to the States that I hesitated to say anything about it. But since Harry Vardon invaded the States and carried off the American open event, no holder of our premier honours in either of our Championships has taken part in those of our cousins. Indeed, I think I may say pretty confidently that not one of our amateur champions has ever paid the Americans the compliment that some of theirs have paid us. Mr. Hilton's visit is, therefore, interesting and excellent from this point of view. But there is another aspect of it which is worth noting. He will have personal experience of the method by which the United States Amateur Championship is conducted, and will be able to tell us whether, in the event of increasing pressure of numbers, we should or should not be wise in following that method. The American system is, but for one feature, an ideal one. It begins by a qualifying scoring round of eighteen holes on the first day. The sixty-four best scorers then play on the following morning another scoring round, at the conclusion of which the thirty-two best scorers play an eighteen-hole match in the afternoon. Thereafter the sixteen winners fight the remaining rounds out by matches of thirty-six holes. Substitute a thirty-six holes match for the eighteen-holes match of the first round, and you have as fair a test for either the Amateur or Open Championship as the wit of man can devise. I know my readers will join me in wishing all possible success to Mr. Hilton in his American venture. A better player or more sterling sportsman we could not possibly send as our representative on American soil.

ERNEST LEHMANN

Belle of the Shallows

A NOT TOO VENTURESOME SPLASHER AT FOLKESTONE

Seaside bathers are unanimously remarking on the exceptional warmth of the water this year. Indeed, unless a certain depth can be obtained, the reaction of the rub-down after a cold bath is generally lacking. Notwithstanding this state of affairs, there are still a number of delicate darlings who indulge in nothing more than a knee-high stroll and a little splashing

RACING: The Ebor Handicap.

By CARBINE

Best for the St. Leger

Any idea that Cherry King might win the St. Leger—and Mr. Brodrick Cloete was inclined to be hopeful—was effectually dispelled by the colt's very moderate display at Hurst Park on Saturday. And now, with Sunstar gone—more's the pity, for he is a beautiful colt of the highest merit, and I should like to have seen him against Swynford—the St. Leger seems to be a question between three colts. One of them, of course, is King William, who at present holds the favouritism. Another is Lycaon, who Mr. J. B. Joel expects will prove an efficient substitute for Sunstar. The third is Prince Palatine, whose form is at least as good as that of the other pair, and I would much rather back him at 6 to 1 than King William at the short odds now quoted. Mr. Joel has such a good stable of horses with which to try his St. Leger candidate, that it would be foolish to ignore his great confidence in Lycaon. Nor can we despise the judgment of the Hon. George Lambton, who has always been very fond of King William. But my opinion at present is that **Prince Palatine** will beat them both, and he will, in all probability, be my final selection for the great Doncaster race.

Ebor Prospects

The big event on the Knavesmire on Wednesday is what may be called a pretty race. So open is it that "7 to 1 the field" has been offered, and if you asked half a dozen good judges of racing for their opinion, you would probably get tips for six different horses. I should not be surprised to see Anchora favourite at the end, and it is impossible to pass over her good chance; but there are others who look equally well in the race. Among the top-weights, for example, I have a liking for Dalmatian, and I find it rather difficult to choose between him and St. Crispin. The latter has to allow 7lb. for the beating he gave to the American horse at Newmarket last month, and I think he will prove capable of defeating him again. The Northern colt, Red Cape, is another danger, and Mirador and Yellow Slave are also well fancied for this well-compiled handicap; but there can only be one winner, and a careful consideration of weights and form leads me to anticipate the success of **St. Crispin**, while I think Dalmatian and Anchora will run into places.

The Gimcrack Stakes

Mr. Hall Walker has made almost a monopoly of the Gimcrack Stakes in recent years, and has quite a good chance of again being the guest of the evening at the Gimcrack Club dinner this year, for his colt, **Rattlejack**, although not really in the first class, has a good pull in the weights, which may enable him to beat Lomond and one of two of the other cracks on Thursday. On Wednesday **Jaeger** does not seem to have a very formidable task in the Convivial Produce Stakes, while the Great Yorkshire Stakes on the following day would seem to be a sure thing for **Stedfast.** In the Harewood Handicap on the same afternoon **Great Surprise** has an opportunity of putting in a fine performance. My only selection at Gatwick is **Nickle Neck** for the Kite Handicap on Saturday.

The Menu: MEATLESS AND VEGETARIAN DISHES FOR AUTUMN DAYS

Rice Croquettes with Cheese
Croûtes of Haddock
Macaroni with Tomatoes
Cheese Soufflé
Vegetable Marrow à l'Espagnole
Stuffed Tomatoes à la Milanese

Rice Croquettes with Cheese

Wash ½lb. of rice, and simmer slowly in a quart of milk and water until the rice is nicely swollen and the quart of liquid all absorbed. Then place in a colander before the fire and shake occasionally until the rice is quite dry. Add breadcrumbs and grated cheese (an equal cupful of each), a little salt and cayenne; then roll into round balls, dip each one into egg and melted butter, and fry a delicate brown. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, and serve either hot or cold. These can be cooked in a well-greased paper bag. Put on grill, and cook for twenty minutes in a very hot oven.

Croûtes of Haddock

Take a dried haddock (one costing about 4*d.*), free it from skin and bones, and put it into a stewpan with 2oz. of butter, four tablespoonfuls of milk, a well-beaten yolk of egg, a little pepper, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Whisk these ingredients quickly over the fire for five minutes, by which time the fish will be smooth. Pile this on some small rounds of hot buttered toast. Sprinkle the tops lightly with finely minced parsley and serve.

Macaroni with Tomatoes

Remove the stalks of the tomatoes, cut each one into four pieces, then put them into a saucepan with a little water, a bay-leaf, a tiny piece of onion, and season with salt and pepper to taste; now boil till thoroughly done; when turn out on to a hair sieve, then pass the tomatoes through the sieve with a wooden spoon, beat up the pulp with a good lump of butter, and then add some previously boiled macaroni or spaghetti with this, and plenty of well-flavoured grated cheese. Turn out and serve.

Cheese Soufflé

Wash 2oz. of rice and then put it in three-quarters of a pint of boiling stock or milk and water, and cook until the rice swells and is soft without being pulpy. Drain it and let it cool, and then stir into it 1oz. of butter, 2oz. of grated cheese, salt and pepper, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and then the frothed whites. Have ready a papered soufflé dish, fill it three-quarters of the way up, bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, and serve at once.

Vegetable Marrow à l'Espagnole

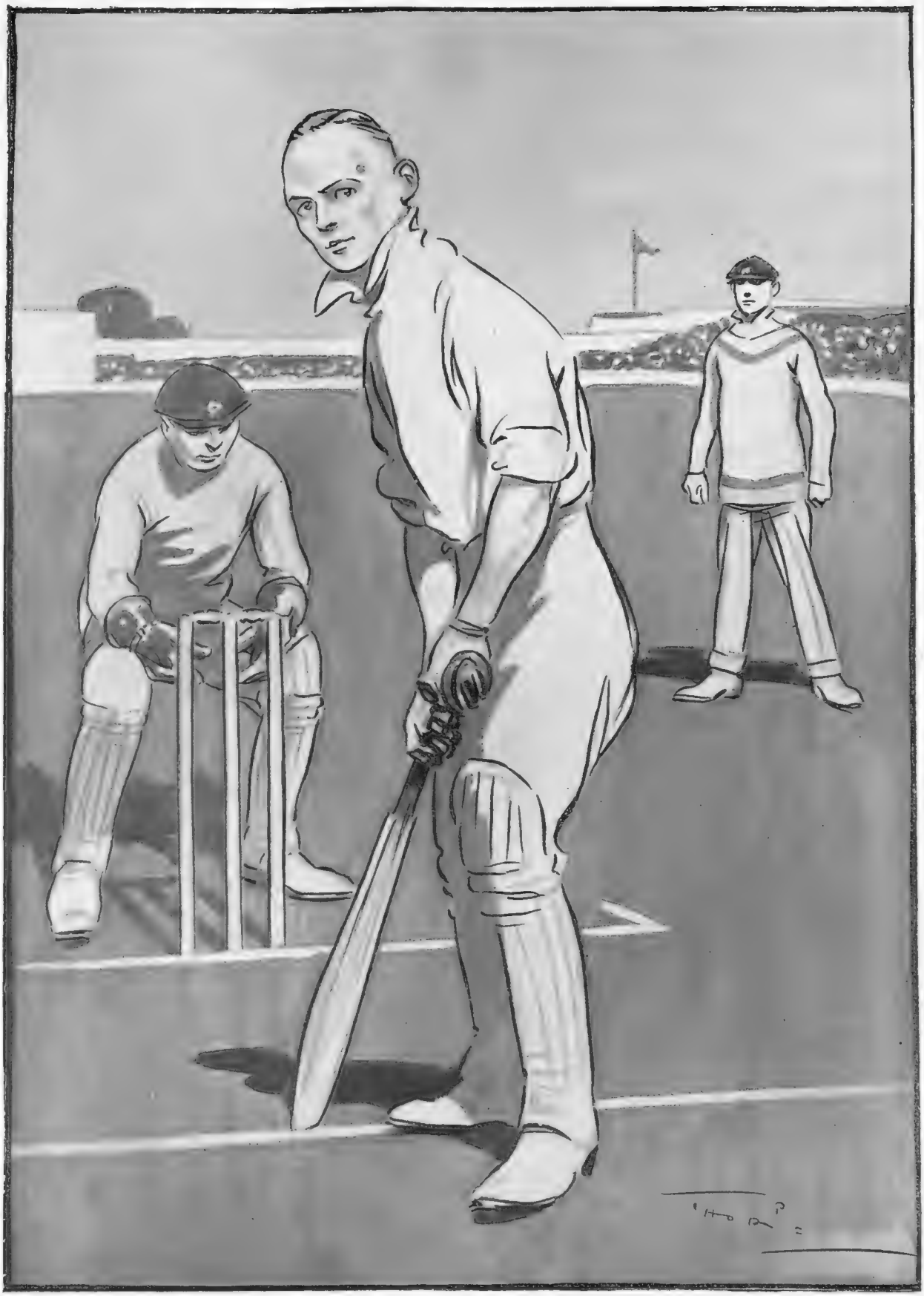
Slice a small Spanish onion and two good-sized tomatoes, and fry them in about ½oz. of butter. Then cut a vegetable marrow into neat square pieces, add a little hot stock, pepper, and salt. Let all simmer together till the marrow is cooked, and serve hot.

Stuffed Tomatoes à la Milanese

Take six ripe tomatoes of equal size, cut a piece off the top of each, and scoop out the insides. Press the pulp through a sieve, and mix in with it a little salt, cayenne, 2oz. of butter cut into little pieces, two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, a shallot finely minced, a teaspoonful of parsley, and two very large tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, put on the tops again, and bake in a moderate oven till cooked brown. Pour mushroom sauce or sauce espagnole round them and serve.

EMILIA

Likely to Make Cricketing History



MR. F. H. KNOTT (OXFORD UNIVERSITY AND KENT)

This young player made a most satisfactory début in first-class cricket last summer. He stepped into the Kent eleven in August (straight from Tonbridge School) and scored freely and consistently. This year he has not shown such good form, but he must "come on" again for his cricketing gifts are obvious

LAWN TENNIS HANDICAPS

HOW TO WIN THEM: BY ONE WHO HAS DONE IT

Playing the Dark Horse

The obvious way to win a handicap at a lawn tennis tournament is to "get chucked in," or, in other and more polite language, to get a bigger allowance of handicap points than your play really entitles you to. But this is by no means easy. Handicappers are pretty wideawake nowadays, and the "dark horse" is not nearly as rampant as he was in the early days of the game. If you put on your entry-form, "I have never played in an open tournament before," the handicapper does not assume that you are an absolute duffer, and if you say, "I am forty-eight years of age, and have only just been invalided home from the West Coast of Africa," or "I am suffering from tennis elbow, and have had no practice at all for six weeks," he grows suspicious. In fact, if you succeed in getting "chucked in" it will probably be because the handicapper makes a false deduction from the actual results of matches played by you which he is able to trace. He won't under-estimate your powers if you yourself invite him to do so on general grounds. I know of a player who got the limit allowance, and won with it because an apparently disinterested lady volunteered the information that he could hardly hit the ball. When it was too late, it transpired that the lady was his partner in the Mixed Doubles Handicap, and was, therefore, feathering her own nest as well. But a bit of luck like this does not befall one often.

Looking to His Laurels

Mr. William A. Larned practising for the coming International competition at Newport for the Davis Cup, and incidentally for the defence of his championship. Mr. Larned is the present holder of the National Singles Lawn Tennis Championship of the United States

Tennis Jackals

The next best thing to being "chucked in" is to get yourself talked about. If you can manage this skilfully, the other competitors will think you have got more start than you need, and will accordingly proceed to "funk" you. It may quite well be that your handicap is right, but if you can succeed in creating the impression that it isn't, the moral effect on your rivals will work wonders for you. Don't forget, however, that getting yourself talked about is not by any means the same thing as talking about yourself. In a handicap at a recent tournament there were no fewer than five men, each of whom was positively certain that he was going to win it, and took good care to apprise everyone of the fact. But in the end not one of them won, and no one seemed very surprised either—except themselves. No, the talking to be effective must be done by someone other than yourself, and for this purpose it is a good plan to provide yourself with a friend to act as your trumpeter. His mission is to go about unobtrusively among the other players and tell them whenever the opportunity occurs what a fine chance you have. He generally begins something like this: "You know I belong to the same club as Brown, and I have watched him play for two seasons; he improves every day, and I can assure you he is fifteen better than he was a month ago; but, of course, the handicapper can't be expected to know that!" A few hints of this kind judiciously dropped will soon cause you to be talked about as the man who has got too much start, and the rest is easy, for lawn tennis players, as a rule, are impressionable in the extreme. There are several players going about just now who owe their successes in handicap play almost as much to the efforts of their "jackals" as to their own skill.

Tennis Court Diplomacy!

Another good way of getting yourself talked about is to catch one of the crack players in an easy-going frame of mind, and play what looks on paper like a close match with him in some event on level terms. If you can manage this, the other players will say, "Good heavens! If Brown can get four games in a set *level* against Garrett, what chance have we against him if we have to give him odds?" I remember a man who had nearly the limit once getting a set on level terms on the opening day against the best man at the meeting. It made him. He went through the handicap with ease; all the other competitors "curled up" before him, until he reached the final, where he again encountered the best man, who owed him three-sixths and gave him fifteen or more and beat him setless! Then the other competitors realised what fools they had been.

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Bridge Built by the Black Watch

Military roads were built all over Scotland during the time General Wade was pursuing the Pretender. The bridge above, on the old road through Glens Fruin and Douglas, was erected by the Black Watch. Crossing it is a "Flying Fifteen" Argyll car on the way to Loch Long

"The Bystander" Prize Car

I do not know who may come by THE BYSTANDER prize car in the Parliamentary Competition. I only know that whosoever it be will have a large cause for self-congratulation. He will possess a vehicle that, in its class, is not to be bettered by the product of any factory, home or foreign. He will have a car that in finish and appearance is more likely to inspire the secret sins of envy and covetiousness in his neighbour than any other sensation. And he will be able to rejoice in the knowledge that his newly acquired property is not only among the most efficient small cars on the road, but is also British to its ultimate nut.

The Straker-Squire "15"

My thanks to the Straker-Squire Company for a first acquaintance with the 1911 model, an acquaintance made upon a vehicle and under conditions which were not likely to influence the most favourable commentary, for the car which I drove was the first of the 1911 vehicles, and has been knocked about in test runs and general utility work since last November.

Greek Archimandrite Blessing a Car in Smyrna

An orthodox Greek priest in full canonicals is here blessing a "Torpedo Olympus" Bedford car, thereby protecting it from envy, hatred and malice from the Evil One. Mr. Theodore Emanuel, the owner of the car, is seen standing near the steering wheel

Methods of Test

Between the time when one knows every whim of one's engine, every trick of control, and how to wheedle the last yard out of a two-gallon can of petrol, is a critical period. Until that is past, the new owner has to stand very largely upon the car's good graces, which in their turn depend upon the design, the material, and the manner of the chassis's assembly. I took over the machine as THE BYSTANDER prizewinner will take it over, and set out to see what would happen; and in order to give BYSTANDER competitors an advance notice of the vehicle one of them will presently own. Apart from the fact that the car I used was work-worn, it was identical in every respect with THE BYSTANDER prize car.

First Impressions

Well, if I except a little carburettor "tickling" when starting from cold, I did not touch the engine nor have occasion to lift the bonnet. The trick of control came in a few miles, and with a few changes. There are three forward speeds and a reverse, each with a simple locking device in the "gate." I could gauge with a nice exactitude the fine forward sweep of the car from the driving seat, over the deep scuttle-dash, to the distant tip of the near side wing and went skimming out on easy springs to see how the Kent County Council was getting on with its experimental road-making.

On the Road

I have no need to detail the story of two and a half days of running. I *have* need to place upon record a satisfaction entirely complete. The 1911 Straker-Squire is undoubtedly a fine car, considered both as an engineering proposition and as

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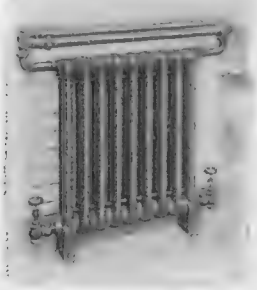

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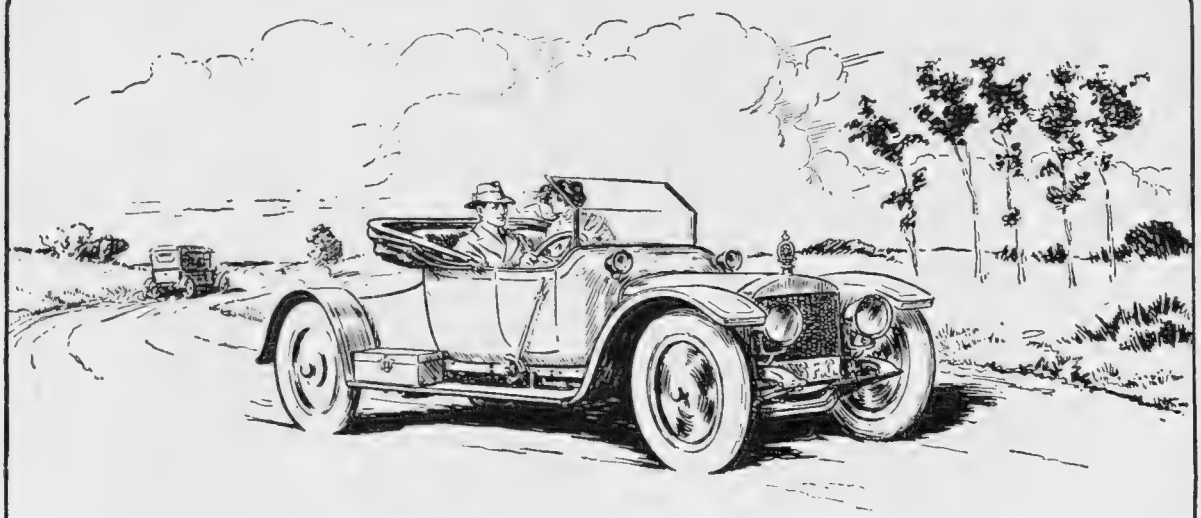
a road carriage. On hills it developed a power that surprised me. Not once, but many times, I put it at long drawn-out rises from a stationary start, and changed up to find it accelerating on top gear to and over (never mind the speed) when it ought, by all the rules of the game, to have been crying aloud for a reduction to "second." And once, on a straight and lonely Sussex road, with a certain "25" clamouring behind for room to pass, the old Adam within me pressed my toe down on the accelerator pedal and—zip! That "25" was an "also ran" in a quarter of a mile! And we will let it go at that. Whoever wins the Straker-Squire may plume himself upon his good fortune.

In Compression

From a small works and a few workmen engaged in producing embryonic rubber goods to the huge and splendidly equipped Milan factory illustrated, is merely a small part of the story of the progress of one of the greatest rubber organisations in the world—Messrs. Pirelli, Ltd. To-day, in addition to the Milan Works, with its 55,000 square metres of floor-space and its thousands of employees producing every description of commodity in rubber, there is the Bicocca factory for electric cables standing in ground with an area of 150,000 square metres, the Spezia Works, erected in 1886, and again the great Spanish factory at Villanueva y Geltrú, founded in 1902. Just how mammoth are the present proportions of the industry controlled by Messrs. Pirelli, Ltd., may be seen from a perusal of an interesting brochure obtainable from the London address of the firm at 45, Basinghall Street, London. To the motorist the fact that Pirelli, Ltd., were among the first to foresee the development of the tyre industry, and to make preparations to cater for demand with what was, by common consent, one of the finest motor covers in the world, is of primary interest. The tyre that went through from Pekin to Paris with such a fine record, and that has taken diplomas and medals all over the world, is clearly a tyre that must have an increasingly prosperous future in this country, where already it is in great demand.

Messrs. Pirelli's Great Factory at Milan
Where the tyre was made that went through from Pekin to Paris with such a fine record



"ASK THE ROAD"

ABOUT

GOODRICH TYRES

MANUFACTURED BY THE B.F. GOODRICH CO., LTD., 117-123, GOLDEN LANE, E.C.

Partridges and the Syndicates

Shooting at Bolton Abbey

The Marquess of Hartington, with his mother, the Duchess of Devonshire, firing behind cover. The Marquess, who is just sixteen, is home from Eton on his holidays

Shooting the Last Bird

THE question which is of such serious import this year is not what the stocks of grouse or pheasants are, but what partridges there will be. For some years now, owing to disastrously wet summers, the yearly supplies of young birds have been getting less and less. In a great number of places very little partridge shooting was attempted, simply in order to leave enough stock to breed from. Of course, too, there were those people who had hired shoots for the season, who without compunction shot as hard as if the seasons had been normal. What mattered it to them? It was not their land; they were only yearly tenants, and if they shot it to the last bird—well, there were no restrictions, and, further, there were other shoots to be got elsewhere next year.

Renting "Shoots" at a Profit

There is a class of town-bred men whose methods are beneath contempt. They are not true sportsmen—far from it—though they firmly imagine themselves to be so; they have but one thought ever before them—slaughter—by any and every means which presents itself to their narrow minds. These pestilential persons often are found in syndicates, and many of these syndicates are formed by a certain class of men, who seek to get their own shooting for nothing, and, in fact, to make something in hard cash in addition. Their *modus operandi* is to get farmers to let them their shooting, and in this way, perhaps, the right of shooting over several farms is so obtained. The rent of them all totals up to—say—£50 or £60, or, perhaps, more. The enterprising gentleman then proceeds to put seductive advertisements in the papers for "guns" to shoot over so many hundred or a thousand or so acres of good mixed shooting, and the price per "gun" is to be—say—£50, more or less.

Value for Their Money

In this way our friend gets together a very dubious crowd of some six or eight guns. Their united subscription amounts, perhaps, to £300 or £400. Out of this the £50 rent is paid, and the rest goes into the promoter's pocket. He pays for no beaters, or lunches, or conveyances; all these are extras the victims have to pay. However, that is their affair, and if they can get him to pay these items, why so much the better for them. These details do not concern me, but what I do take exception to is that these scraped together syndicates, composed of the tag, rag, and bobtail, are men who are but little used to real sport, and are probably only very moderate shots—perhaps, too, even a little on the dangerous side. They are out, however, to slay anything and everything they possibly can. There is no question here of shooting partridges lightly. They have paid their £50 a piece, and £50 worth of shooting of some sort or other they mean to have, even if they manage to kill the last bird, hare, and rabbit on the land, and in addition shoot the neighbouring Squire's pheasants.

Wary Old Birds

It is notoriously desirable to kill off as many of the old birds each season as possible. In walking-up birds, one is aware that when a covey is flushed the old birds get up first and lead the way. It is thus quite possible that in the excitement of seeing a covey rise the average gunner will fail to spot the old birds, and will so shoot a brace of slower-flying youngsters. Old birds know extremely well how to take care of themselves, and will slip off mighty quick as danger approaches in the form of a line of guns. It is quite evident this season that whatever the stock of birds there may be, there must be an accumulation of old birds, three and four years old and more. It is imperative that these be shot, or there will only be a large number of barren birds next season, and an interference with this year's birds who survive and wish to mate and breed at the end of this season. There is only one thing to be done to ensure getting these old customers—they must be driven. Instead, therefore, of walking-up birds on September 1 and onwards, shoots should undoubtedly be all driven—*i.e.*, birds sent by beaters *over* the guns. In this way the old birds will get the first shots, as they come first.

Words to the Unwise

My advice to sportsmen this year is to commence driving birds from the first day of September, so as to kill off the old birds. My second piece of advice is to shoot lightly once more, for I am convinced it will take more than a single, aye, or two seasons to adjust the balance of stocks. Light shooting this year, with a decent number of birds left to mate and breed next year, and this, with a fine summer with gentle rains, should, at any rate, make next season a good one. I strongly commend the above advice to syndicates, and at the same time I would warn farmers when letting their lands in future to these people to put a limit to the head of partridges which should in decency be killed.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 404.—Vol. XXXI. Wednesday, August 30, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS

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The grounds contain some fine ornamental and forest trees, tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, and well-stocked kitchen garden; home farm; useful farm-buildings and 6 cottages.—Plans and illustrated particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,026)

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Accommodation: large lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, and morning room, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and well-fitted offices; a feature of the interior is the old panelling and staircase from France; STABLING, COACH-HOUSE, AND GROOM'S ROOMS. The grounds are prettily laid out, and include tennis lawn, flower gardens, kitchen garden, etc., and parklike meadows, in all about 21 ACRES.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

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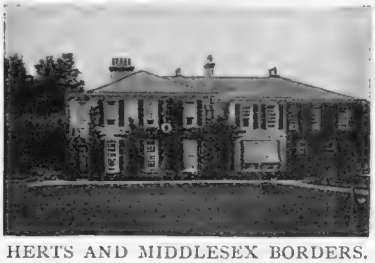

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LOVELY GROUNDS OF 3 ACRES.

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SUSSEX (between Lewes and Tunbridge Wells).—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing on an eminence in the centre of nearly 14 acres. It faces South, commands delightful views, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including servants' hall; Company's water; stabling for 3, and men's rooms, garage; farmery, cottage, charming gardens, grass terraces, tennis and croquet courts, rosary, shady walks, well-stocked kitchen garden, and meadow-land; hunting; golf. Very moderate price.—Apply, Box K 4,718, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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£3,250, FREEHOLD, for a charming old GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, within a mile of a pleasant old market town in Wiltshire. The situation is a bracing and cheerful one, and the House in excellent order and thoroughly up to date: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling and farmery; finely timbered grounds, tennis lawn, paddock, and orchard, etc., in all 4 acres.—Box K 4,824, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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SURREY (in a most rural part of).—A pretty COUNTRY HOUSE, within 14 miles of Marble Arch, to be SOLD or LET: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms; garage, stabling, and offices; gas, Company's water; telephone; magnificent grounds of about 10 acres, including lawns, paddocks, wilderness, a small lake, kitchen garden, etc. Price, £3,750 Freehold, or would Let on Lease at £180 per annum.—Box H 3,202, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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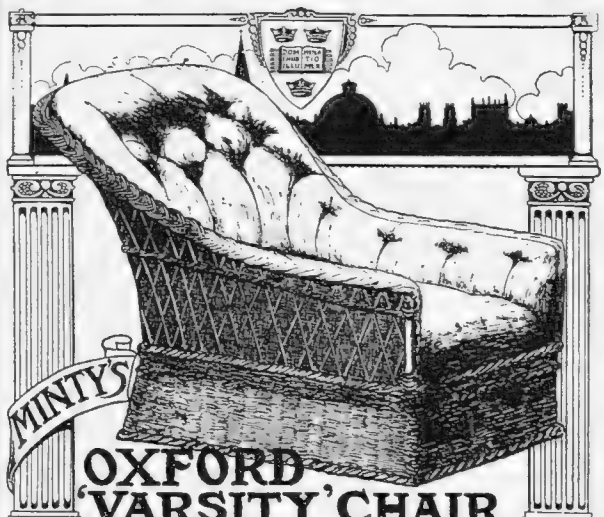

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By MRS. JACK MAY

SULTRY THOUGHTS ON WINTRY FURS

ON the eve of September one's thoughts inevitably take a turn towards autumn garbing, notwithstanding that this is frequently one of the finest months in the year. No matter the atmospheric conditions, however, the shops begin to wake up from the lethargy into which they fell immediately on the close of the July sales, the milliners tentatively displaying the first felt hats, the costume department the early models in coats and skirts, while furriers begin to pat themselves on the back in joyful anticipation of the rich harvest they are likely to reap in the near future.

Muffs of Mammoth Size

A distinctly bewildering condition of things is being set up in the realms of peltry, the upshot of which will certainly be contentions in establishments where coats and wraps come under one head, and the lesser matters of stoles and muffs under another. This is the advance of the trimmed coat, one finished, perhaps, with a permanently attached tie, a deep cape, or *capuchin*. There is no longer any doubt but that these are the lines on which it is determined the more important fur garments shall develop. Another notably emphasised feature will be mingling of furs, frequently in sharp contrast, such as seal musquash and pure white ermine without tails, grey squirrel and black fox, mole and seal musquash.

Mole, by the way, promises to take quite a front place, numbers of long coats being fashioned of this pelt, and suggesting themselves as an agreeable contrast to the long seal musquash and coney. The latter cleverly treated skin grows in excellence. It is really difficult to reconcile the present productions with those of even two years ago, and seal coney coats will, in all probability, find a place in wardrobes hitherto fastidiously closed to any sort of faked presentment.

A Novel and Artistic Rest-Gown

Wool-back satin, in a tender grey shade, is suggested for this gown; the neck and sleeves are stitched with silver cord, and from the waist hangs an Oriental scarf heavily fringed

(DESIGNED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

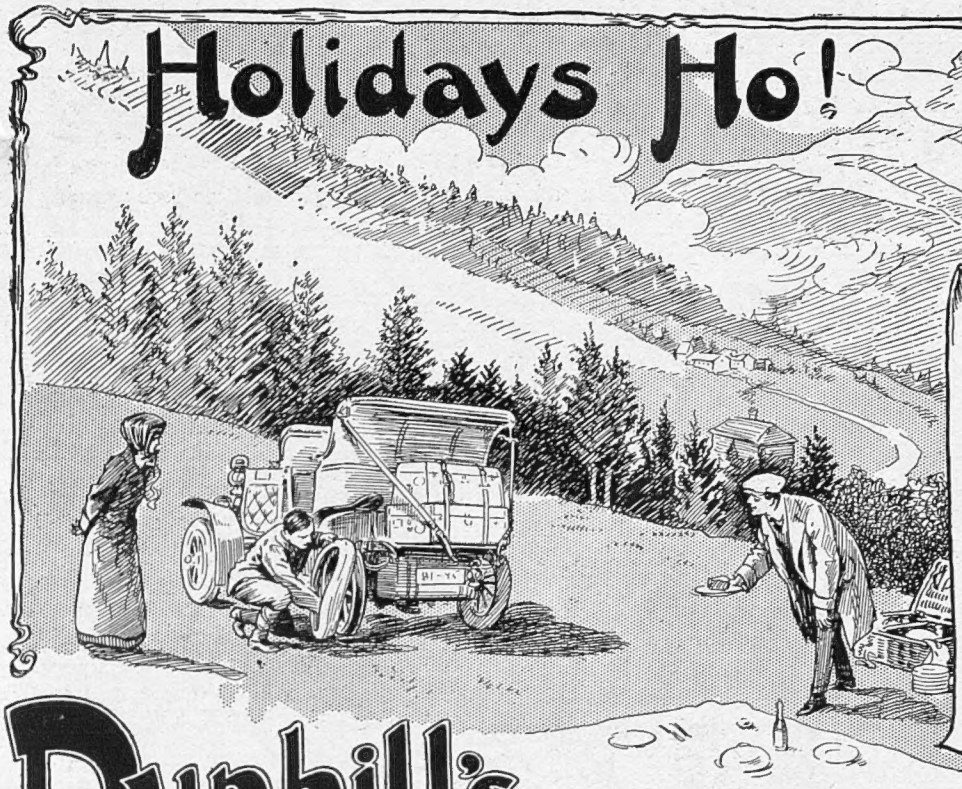
In the matter of muffs, I have not met a dissentient voice so far. Big and little alike in peltry realms have declared that muffs shall be of mammoth size, and also variously shaped. The limp, attenuated bolster is by no manner of means to hold the whole situation; there will be many rivals of satchel shape, saddle-bag style, while numbers will be arranged with separated strands.

Should an old-fashioned winter follow this old-fashioned summer, as is more than probable, fur fashions will leave a mark behind them that will last several generations. Almost it seems as though we were nearing an anti-climax where smart peltry is concerned.

Luxury of the Rest-Gown

A rumour has come to my ears that tea and rest-gowns are waning in favour among those who take upon themselves to set the pace of fashion. But for some reason not easy to define I find it difficult to accept the decision. We live in a luxurious age, and exact comfort as well as a fashionable appearance. And what more delightful after a tramp over the moors or with the guns, a day's golf, or a day's fishing, to slip into an easy, slight pair of corsets—

Holidays Ho!



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Manufacturing Chemists,

59, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

Sequarine is obtainable of all high-class Chemists and Stores, in bottles at 8/-, and for Hypodermic injection, in Ampullae, four in a box, at 8/- per box.

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The Editor's Box

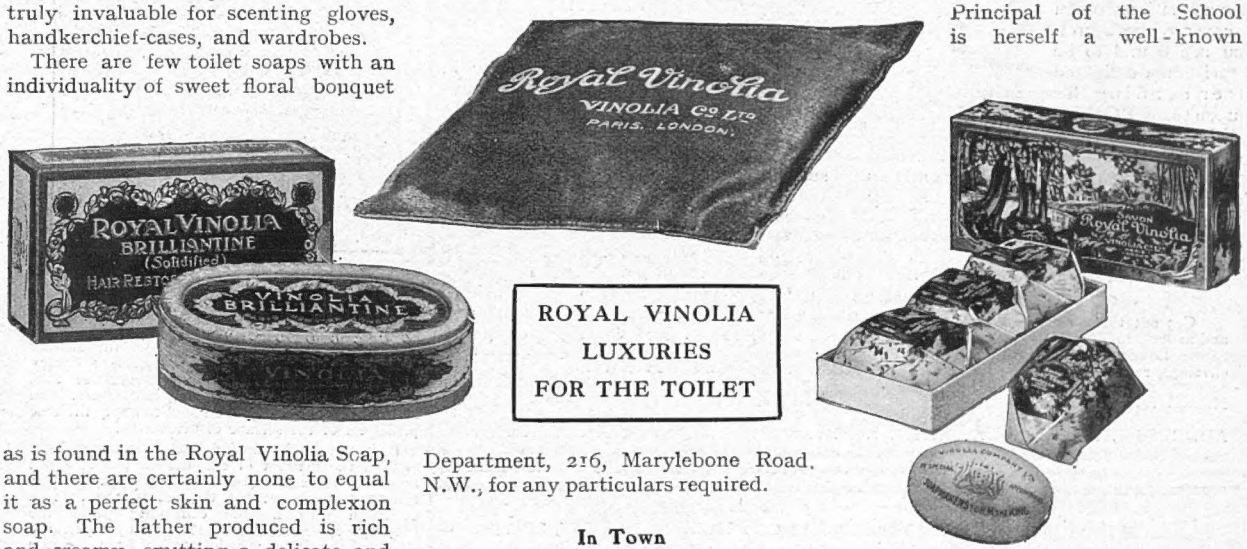
Perfumes of Araby

Life has never been more complex nor conditions more strenuous than to-day. From the highest to the lowliest of the nation the cry is the same. Harassed politicians combine to worry each other, and both in turn worry and harass the liege subjects of the King, whom they have sworn to benefit. And thus annoyance and *ennui* spreads throughout the race. Anything which tends to soften and make life of to-day easier and less strenuous is doubly welcome.

There is probably no more luxurious appeal to refined tastes than that of delicate perfumes. In the Royal Vinolia Sachet is preserved the finest essences of flowers and sweet grasses. With most perfumes there is a general complaint, that is well-founded, of heaviness. In the Royal Vinolia Sachet, which is sold at 1*s*., the bouquet is of the most delicate character, being not only floral, but fragrant and lasting. The Sachet is truly invaluable for scenting gloves, handkerchief-cases, and wardrobes.

There are few toilet soaps with an individuality of sweet floral bouquet as is found in the Royal Vinolia Soap, and there are certainly none to equal it as a perfect skin and complexion soap. The lather produced is rich and creamy, emitting a delicate and lasting perfume. The price is only 4*d*. per tablet, or three tablets in handsome box, 1*s*.

Great lustre and suppleness is added to the hair by the daily application of Royal Vinolia Solidified Brilliantine. It completely disappears on application to the hair, though solidified, and produces an emphatically better result than is obtained from the ordinary liquid and oily preparations of commerce. A box of this delightful aid to a well-groomed appearance costs only 1*s*., and will be found invaluable to the hair.



London Theatres

Miss Lillah McCarthy, after a strenuous season's work, in the course of which she has played exacting parts in *The Witch*, *Nan*, *Anatol*, *Master Builder*, *and Fanny's First Play*, has been taking a brief holiday. She returns this week to resume her part of Margaret Knox in *Fanny's First Play* at the Little Theatre, the 150th performance of which took place last Saturday.

Charming Country near London

Of all the outlets to the North from London that of the Great Central Railway appeals to one as more quickly carrying the traveller into the most perfect countryside. It combines the comforts and conveniences of modern houses with the charms of rural beauty. But it is not only as a residential district that this region of Middlesex, Herts, and Beechy Bucks makes such a strong appeal. As a district for the tourist, whether on foot or by the aid of his bicycle, the Great Central gives starting points for excursions and tours which combine spots of historic interest with some of the unspoiled beauty-spots of rural England. The tourist in search of new ground for his week-end holiday could not do better than look for it in this delightful district. He will find here every type of sylvan scenery, and come back from a stay refreshed and invigorated for the stress of his daily routine. Send a postcard to Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W., for any particulars required.

In Town

The following visitors are staying at the Royal Palace Hotel: Prince Fironz, Baron Akerheilm, Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Mr. Henry Terrill, K.C., M.P., Sir Philip and Lady Hutchins, Sir James and Lady Molteno, General Guillermo West, Colonel H. W. R. Crowle, V.D., Major Byron, and Mr. and Mrs. Baden-Powell.

Electric Clocks in the Home

There is no doubt that the electric clock has come to stay. For it seems almost indispensable to the successful running of a modern business. The greatest advantage of the electric clock is that it never requires winding, and works in an exactly similar way as a large number of electric bell pushes which ring the same bell throughout a house; thus all clocks throughout an establishment mark the same time. But the greatest inconvenience in the old electric clock system was the undesirable element of noise, and it is in the elimination of this noise that the system of the Silent Electric Clock Company has such undoubted advantages. The clocks never get out of order, there being no wear and tear, and these advantages of quietness and reliability have enabled this Company to build up an extensive business in a comparatively short space of time. Further information will be gladly supplied, and catalogues sent free by the Silent Electric Clock Company at 192, Goswell Road, London, E.C. It is to the credit of the Old Country that these wonderful clocks are invented, patented, and manufactured by British brains and British labour.

Training the Future Hostess

It is unique to find there exists a school for young ladies where they might almost step from seminary into Society with a "tone" and a well-bred manner that comes with most ladies only after their second or third "season." It is the result of a system of education that has been productive of excellent results. The Principal of the School is herself a well-known Society woman, being niece to the late Earl of Romney and cousin to the present Earl. Miss Evelyn Marsham, however, takes no active part in the actual teaching. She makes friends with the girls, and encourages them from the petticoat stage to act as they will have to act in after years. There are first-rate resident mistresses, both English and foreign, who attend to this part of the girls' education, and visiting master and mistresses are engaged for special subjects. Outdoor games take a prominent part in the school curriculum, and there is very good riding and bathing to be had. Seaford, where Pelham House is situated, is a particularly healthy and bracing place on the coast of Sussex. Facing the sea is the school, with the broad Downs at the back. There are grounds belonging, with tennis and croquet lawns, and also a cricket school. Pelham House seems to have solved the problem of a liberal education for daughters of gentlewomen.